

The Sketch

No. 774.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE, WHOSE CIVIL MARRIAGE TO PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE
TOOK PLACE IN PARIS ON THURSDAY LAST.

The civil marriage of Prince George of Greece and Princess Marie Bonaparte took place in Paris on Thursday of last week. The religious ceremony is fixed for the 12th of December, and will be held in Athens. Princess Marie is the only child of Prince Roland Bonaparte, and was born at St. Cloud on July 2, 1882; Prince George of Greece is the second son of the King of Greece, and was born on the 12th of June, 1869.—[Photograph by Boissonas and Taponier.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").



London.

Take Your
Choice.

I am always willing to do my best to help my readers out of their little difficulties, but some of the queries put to me are very exacting.

This morning, for instance, a letter came to hand from a Kimberley correspondent, who says: "I am very much in love with a certain lady, and I think, between ourselves, she likes me well enough to marry me. But I have heard of men being refused by girls just because they happened to put their proposal in the wrong form. I wonder whether you would give me some sort of scheme to go upon? I shall be eternally grateful, and, in case I am accepted, shall name my first boy Keble Howard." Well, all this is very nice and flattering, but my correspondent does not tell me what he proposes to do in the event of his being refused. I have an idea that he will take ship for England, lie in wait for me with a big stick, and give me a sharp thwack on the back of the head as I am walking jauntily homewards. Moreover, he thoughtlessly omits to give me the slightest idea as to the kind of lady with whom he is in love. So much depends, you know. Under the circumstances I have sketched out a few possible forms of proposal; and I must ask him to select the one that seems most suitable.

THE ROMANTIC MAIDEN.

HE. There is something that I want to say to you—something that has been trembling on my lips for many months past. (Or "moons," if she is young enough to take it.)

SHE. Yes? Oh, what can it be?

HE. I am so fearful of your answer that even now I am almost inclined to let my lips remain sealed.

SHE. If it is anything that you would rather leave unsaid—that you would be likely to regret, Harry—

HE. No, no, a thousand times, no! Sooner or later, it must be said. I cannot live in this state of suspense.

SHE. I think I hear mother calling.

HE. No, dear, that was only a motor-car. Listen to me. I—

SHE. Have you lost anything, Harry?

HE. I was trying to find your hand, dear.

SHE. Oh, I'm so sorry! They were both in my muff. There!

HE. Dear hand!

SHE. Hush! You must not say that!

HE. But I must! I love you, Ellen!

SHE. Fancy!

THE SPORTING MAIDEN.

HE. I say, you're a ripping good sort, you know!

SHE. Beastly jolly condescending of you!

HE. But I mean it. You're a nailer!

SHE. You haven't been drinking, have you?

HE. Don't rot.

SHE. I'm not rotting. But this enthusiasm is so unusual.

HE. Well, I don't want to make a fool of myself, you know.

SHE. Why not? I like you best when you're silly.

HE. Really?

SHE. I hate men who use long words and talk over my head.

HE. Do you think that if I were to go on being very silly indeed—I mean, you know, every possible kind of ass—you could—you could—

SHE. Try back, old dear.

HE. Oh, dry up! Look here, what about it?

SHE. What about what?

HE. Well, you and me, you know.

SHE. I knew you'd been drinking.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

HE. I'm as sober as the day I was born. And you've got to marry me. See?

SHE. Right O!

THE WIDOW.

HE. Would you think me very—I mean, would it be bad taste on my part—

SHE (*hastily*). Not a bit.

HE. But you don't know—you can't know—what I was going to say. I was going to say, would it be very impudent of me if I—

SHE (*tenderly*). I think I do know, Harry, and I can assure you that I should not resent it in the least.

HE. Ah, but it was something much more serious than you imagine—something about—

SHE (*looking down*). Something about your future life?

HE. No; not quite so serious as that. Something about my present life.

SHE. That's what I meant—the second half of your present life.

HE. Oh, I'm only twenty-seven, you know.

SHE. I know; but when a man contemplates a great change in his life—

HE. You did know, then?

SHE. Months ago, dearest. I read it in your eyes the first day we met.

HE. By Jove! Then—why, I've done it!

SHE (*weeping a little*). Harry, you have swept me off my feet!

HE. My love! I know I was brutally frank, but don't cry!

SHE. You men! How irresistible you are!

THE SHAW GIRL.

HE. Tell me—what do you think of marriage?

SHE. Marriage is like ear-ache: you can't have it without having it badly.

HE. I don't understand you.

SHE. How sweet of you to say that! I hate to be understood. I always think that people one never misunderstands must have brains like a chemist's shop—all in neat little rows, you know.

HE. Ye-es. . . . You will never marry, then?

SHE. It is not improbable that I shall. To act in accordance with one's principles is the hall-mark of the prig. To act against one's principles is far more thrilling. It is the only purely personal sin that one can commit.

HE. Ye-es. . . . Have you considered what sort of a man you would like to marry?

SHE. At the age of eleven I made up my mind that I would marry a fool. There is nothing quite so comfortable about the house as a thorough-going fool. He is always there to purr, you know.

HE. Do you think I am fool enough for you?

SHE. Quite. You have proved it by asking me to marry you.

THE DEAF GIRL.

HE. If you can spare me a moment—

SHE. I beg your pardon?

HE (*raising his voice*). I said if you can spare me a moment—

SHE. I didn't quite catch—

HE (*loudly*). I simply said, if you can spare me a moment—

SHE. If I can what?

HE (*shouting*). All I said was, if you can spare me a moment—

SHE. I'm so sorry, but do you know I—

HE (*simply bellowing*). I say that all I said was—

SHE. Could you speak up a little?

HE (*quite quietly*). Will you marry me?

SHE. Oh, of course.

CHEZ MAXIM.



A STAGE "MAXIM GIRL."

think that we quite know what we mean when we say this, but it sounds well; and, if we be less hypocritical than some, we wink when we say it.

However that may be, we go to Maxim's. I remember a dear old lady saying to me once, "There's one place in Paris I should like to go to; but, of course, I dare not be seen there." "Maxim's?" said I. She nodded. "Yes; Maxim's. I dare not, of course, be seen there, but—" "But you will," I said. She was quite indignant with me, but I met

her there at two o'clock next morning. And, after

all, why should we seek for any excuse for a visit *chez Maxim* other than

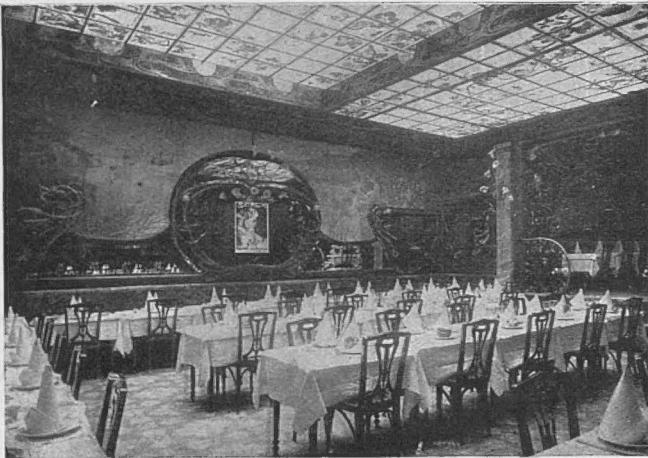
A FEW days ago I was one of a little party which had gathered to welcome an octet of American girls. The young ladies, when I saw them, had been in Paris thirteen hours, and most of them had already spent three of the thirteen at Maxim's—doubtless taking the first opportunity to acquire a French accent.

Pretty well any accent may be heard at Maxim's, though, if your hearing is good, for there are few nationalities unrepresented. We Anglo-Saxons, with that delightfully naive hypocrisy for which we are world-famous, say, and perhaps believe, that we go to Maxim's to study the higher Bohemianism. I do not

the place itself? It is not intellectual, I admit. But if you take a little of the essence of the joy of living and plenty of money in through the swing doors with you, you will not regret an evening at Maxim's. I have mentioned money. It is a useful thing at Maxim's, friend the reader, for nothing is looked upon as too good or too expensive there. I have never asked for strawberries and cream in August *chez Maxim*, but the waiter will get you them in December and never turn a hair. And most things are upon that scale. The ladies who frequent the place are daintily and wonderfully dressed in the most



A STAGE "MAXIM GIRL."



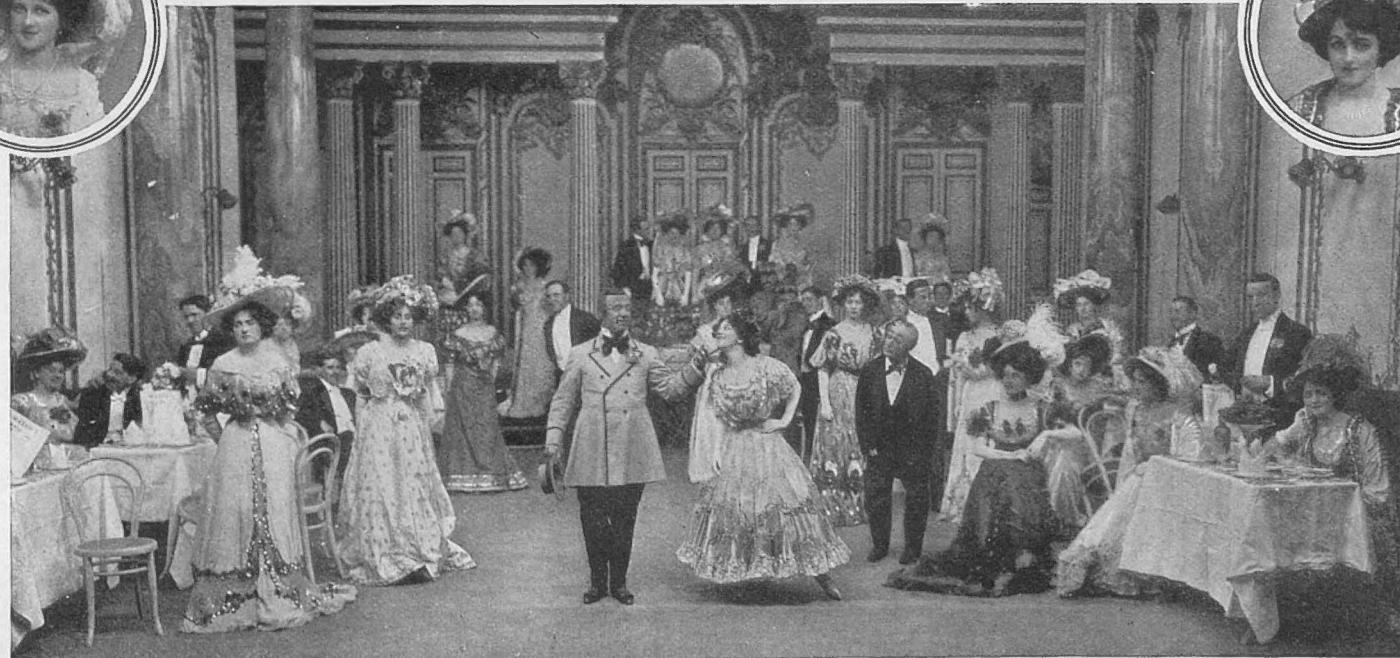
MAXIM'S
The Interior of the Famous Paris Restaurant.

expensive costumes of the most expensive dressmakers, and they will drink their champagne of a good year like water, and they will sup off their December strawberries quite heartily, *les dames de chez Maxim*. I have often wondered how much money passes through the till of this great restaurant. It must make almost anything, for not only do people come to Paris bent on spending money, but Maxim's is a place to which they are pretty sure to go before they have spent most of it. Indeed,

the largest for-

tunes in France are made by the successful restaurateurs of Paris.—A PARISIAN OF PARIS.

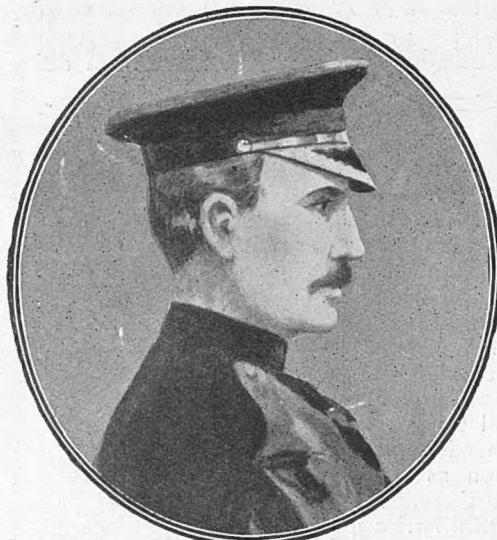
FROM MAXIM'S AT DALY'S.



MAXIM'S ON THE ENGLISH STAGE—
The Famous Scene in "The Merry Widow," at Daly's.

FROM MAXIM'S AT DALY'S.

THE CASE OF LIEUT. WOODS: THE GRENADIER GUARDS INQUIRY.
SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES AT THE COURT.



MAJOR THE HON. J. F. GATHORNE-HARDY, WHOSE REPORT COMMENTED ADVERSELY ON THE CONDUCT AND EFFICIENCY AS A COMPANY OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT H. C. WOODS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



MAJOR CHARLES CORKRAN, WHO, AT A LATER DATE, ALSO REPORTED ADVERSELY ON LIEUTENANT WOODS' EFFICIENCY.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS HOWARD, PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF INQUIRY THAT SAT AT CHELSEA BARRACKS LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



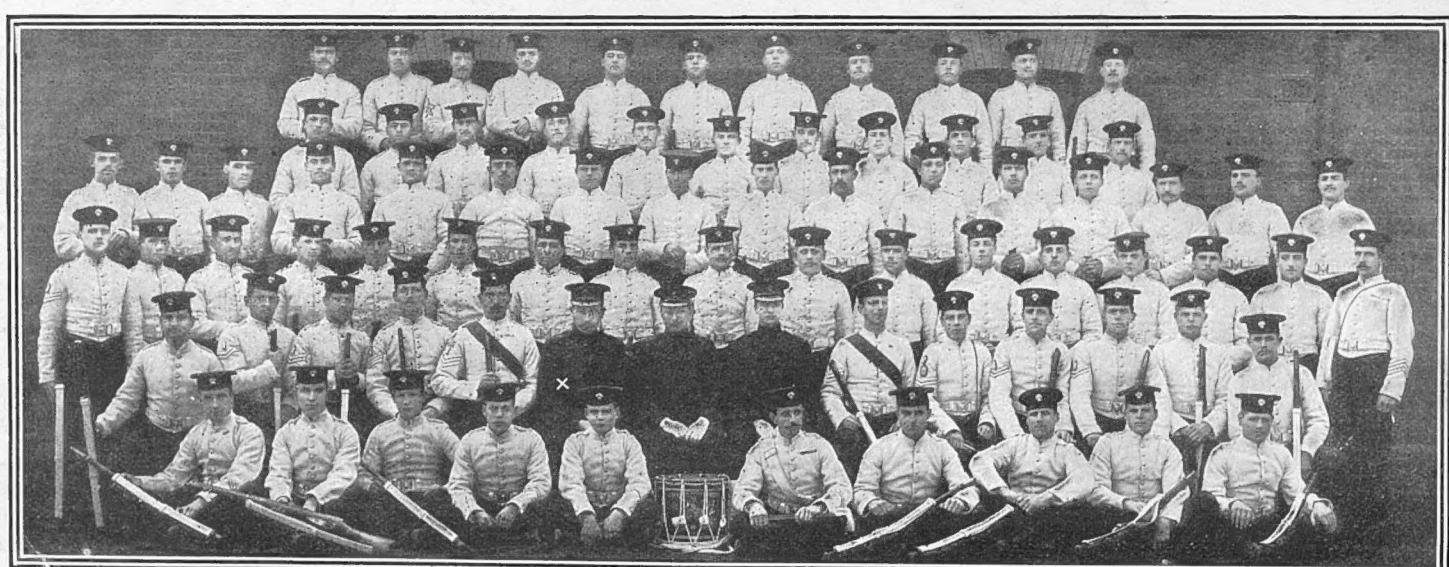
LIEUTENANT H. C. WOODS ON HIS WAY TO ATTEND THE COURT OF INQUIRY, HELD AT CHELSEA BARRACKS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



COLONEL THE HON. W. E. CAVENDISH, WHO ENDORSED MAJOR GATHORNE-HARDY'S ADVERSE REPORT ON LIEUTENANT WOODS.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.



X Lieut. Woods. Capt. A. E. Maxwell.

LIEUTENANT H. C. WOODS WITH NO. 5 COMPANY OF THE 2ND GRENADIER GUARDS.

The Military Court of Inquiry held at Chelsea Barracks last week was the result of an adverse report, made last April by Major the Hon. J. F. Gathorne-Hardy and endorsed by Colonel the Hon. W. E. Cavendish, on the conduct and efficiency as a company officer of Lieutenant H. C. Woods, of the 2nd Grenadier Guards. There was a question of Lieutenant Woods resigning his commission, but, unwilling to do this, he challenged an inquiry into his record of service. The Court sat from Monday last until Friday. It now remains for the officers constituting the Court to deliberate upon the evidence put before them, formulate their conclusions, and communicate them to the Army Council. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that some of the men of No. 5 Company of the 2nd Grenadier Guards mutinied while under the charge of Lieutenant Woods, who, it was alleged, had not proper control.—[Photograph by Gale and Polden.]

THE GRAMOPHONE AS A CHEST-PROTECTOR.



RECORDS FOR THE RESPIRATORIED: A FOGGY SUGGESTION.

Our Artist suggests that those who find it advisable to keep their mouths shut during the foggy weather should provide themselves with gramophones and appropriate records, in order that they may be able to indulge in suitable small-talk while their mouths are closed by respirators. Thus, he argues, the gramophone will be, in the strictest sense of the word, a chest-protector.

DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN.

GARRICK.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, in a play, in four acts, entitled SIMPLE SIMON, by Murray Carson and Norah Keith. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

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November 27, 1907.

Signature.....

THE SKETCH.

The XMAS SCRIBNER'S

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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FREE FROM THE CENSOR : PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LE DERNIER TROUBADOUR."

By MM. Soulié and
F. Thorel.
Théâtre des Arts.

You know the sensation that is popularly described as bringing water into people's mouths, don't you? Well, that is the walk in life which the Count de St. André has chosen for his own. Fortunately for our morals, the play takes place in the days of the good King Charles X. of France, and crinolines and curls and things hide immorality so neatly. I

have always been convinced that if Mother Eve had worn patches and powder instead of the primitive fashion of the day, we, her great-grandchildren, would never have been able to throw that serpent up against her memory. She would have known how to hush up the matter, and Adam, if he had worn the ruffles, high collars, and things of Charles the Tenth's day, would perhaps too have had an affair of his own.

Butto our mut-tions. The Count of St. André is loved by the ladies, and loves them, generously. But he has not read Dickens (obviously), and knows not the wisdom of the "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osse" saying. Therefore, he slings out sonnets to the ladies' eyebrows and other charms, when all the charmers want, God bless 'em, is to have their face-powder rubbed off against the Mechlin lace jabot upon Count St. André's manly chest. The Count calls on his

with hints and innuendoes which are of the same texture. But St. André thinks that the door which yielded was Claire's door, and when Marguerite realises this she is, not unnaturally, peevish.

And, friend the reader, I think perhaps it would be just as well for you to ask permission before you read the foregoing account of "Le Dernier Troubadour." You see, *sous* Charles X. there was no censor.

"20 JOURS À L'OMBRE."

By MM. Henneguin and
Pierre Weber.
Théâtre des Nouveautés.

The Vicomte de Merville is the idol of his wife, his youthful mother-in-law, Denise, his wife's young sister, and that little lady's fiancé. He poses as the good, the incorruptible, the faithful, the uxorious De Merville—Mps! You know them, don't you?

Not unnaturally, therefore, De Merville is very much upset by a little incident which has occurred after an evening at the theatre in company with his wife's best friend, Valentine de Mézan. De Merville had said—these husbands are so careless—that he was kept in town on business, and he does not quite know how he is going to explain to his wife that a Garde Municipal had stepped on little Mme. de Mézan's dress, that De Merville had punched his head, and that he had been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for assaulting a servant of the Third Republic One and Indivisible. There is a providence for erring husbands in French farce, though, and when Pantruche called on his old school-friend, De Merville, to borrow a bit, De Merville persuaded him, with a pocketful of

money, to go and take his place in prison for three weeks. Pantruche was comfortable in prison. He had been under the weather, and enjoyed the hygiene and comparative luxury of his new surroundings. He also enjoyed the paté-de-fois-gras and the good cigars which Mme. de Mézan sent him to the prison. And, when he came out, he bought himself some pretty clothes with the £800 De Merville gave him; and in these clothes he won the gentle heart of Valentine de Mézan, who could no longer smile upon a gaol-bird, as she thought De Merville was.

And then the fun grew fast and pretty furious, for Pantruche (as De Merville) had invited Trouille, a genial burglar from the next cell, to look upon him as a brother, and to make his home his own. Trouille did so, and, to make things livelier, Toupin des Bonnaires, the Judge who had convicted De Merville (or, rather, Pantruche masquerading as De Merville), appears as aspirant for Mme. La Hire's hand, Mme. La Hire being the youthful mother-in-law afore-mentioned. Things are, of course, eventually cleared up. Even a French farce cannot last for more than three hours, and it's tiring to laugh as long as that.—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



A FRENCH ACTRESS WHO HAS LOST A SUIT.
MILLE. ARLETTE DORGÈRE.

As we noted in our last issue, Mlle. Arlette Dorgère brought an action the other day to recover damages for a scratch on her cheek and a bruise on her leg, received in a motor-car accident. She claimed £6400 compensation. The Court found the company who owned the bus that was in collision with Mlle. Dorgère's car blameless, but gave the actress' chauffeur a month's imprisonment and a £4 fine. It will be remembered that Mlle. Dorgère played Prince Charming in the French version of Drury Lane's pantomime, "Cinderella," and in the costume of this character we show her.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

cousin Marguerite, at whose house he expects to meet, and meets, a dainty little lady, Claire. Claire is fair and has a longing to be frail. But St. André is much in love, and, with that desperate habit of stringing rhapsody of his, slings verses at the lady instead of kisses. Wherefore she goes to bed and locks the door aggressively. Now Cousin Marguerite has a little affair or her own with a Duke, who is called away at an inopportune moment to put the King to bed. Marguerite doesn't believe in the King; she thinks he wears ringlets and a crinoline. Therefore she is angry, and she doesn't lock her door at all. I don't know whether you understand what I mean, but in the interests of general morality I hope you don't.

St. André is rather cross with Claire. Therefore he gets drunk. Not very drunk, but just amusingly *émoustillé*, as the French have it. He puts the light out, and is preparing to retire for the night when he runs against Marguerite's door, which, if you remember, was aggressively unlocked. He thinks it is Claire's room, and—oh, yes, of course, there's the entr'acte there.

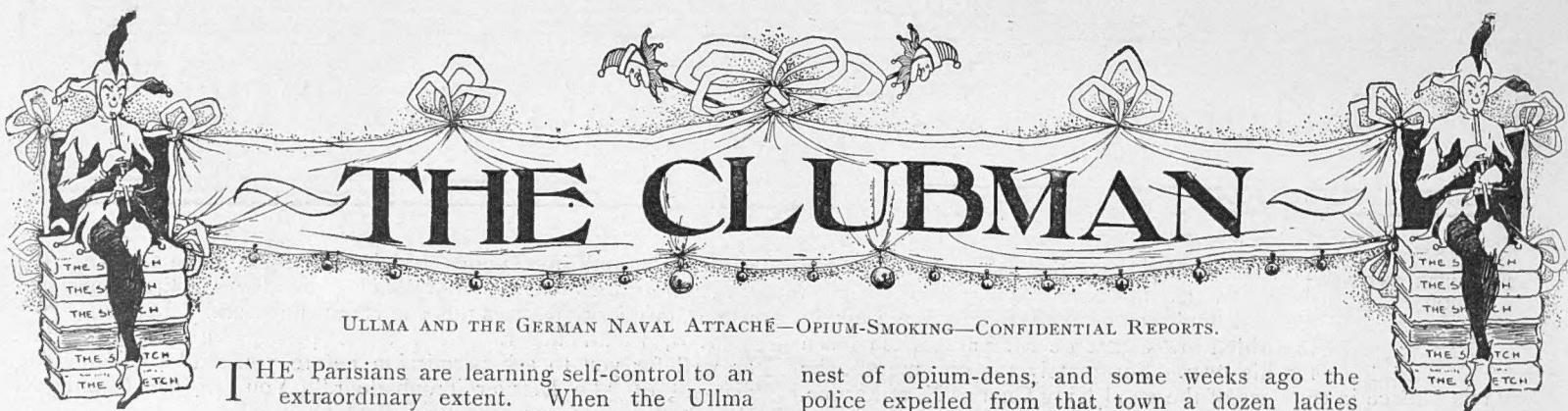
In the second act the Count de St. André appears in a flowered dressing-gown, Marguerite wreathed in smiles, and Claire in the worst of tempers. Being in the days of Charles X., the air is thick



THE REAPPEARANCE OF MME. RÉJANE: THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS, WHO IS NOW PLAYING ELENA IN "APRÈS LE PARDON."

Mme. Réjane has just made her reappearance on the stage after the long run of the French "Raffles," in which she did not act. "Après le Pardon" is an adaptation, by Pierre Decourcelles, of a novel by Matilde Serao.

Photograph by Byron.



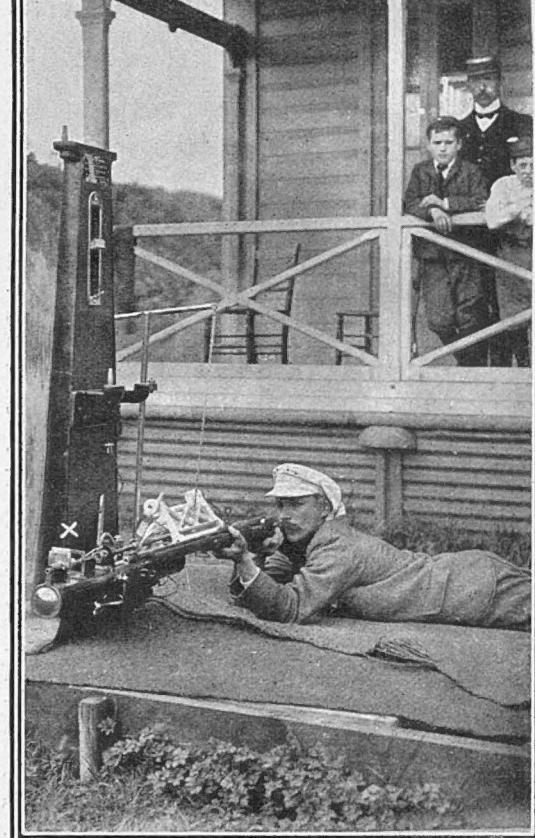
THE Parisians are learning self-control to an extraordinary extent. When the Ullma case arose I fully expected that there would be a storm in the Parisian tea-cup, and that there would be fiery protests against "foreign spies" being recognised as officials of the Embassies. Nothing of the kind has happened. The German naval attaché to whom Ullma is said to have offered information is an Admiral who has been many years at the Embassy, is particularly friendly to France, and is known and much liked by Society and the world of the clubs in Paris. The Parisians have kept their heads, and have remembered that this particular German would do nothing willingly to harm their country, and that, according to report, Germany stated that she was not in the market. In this matter I think feather-brained Paris deserves a good mark.

As a matter of fact, military and naval attachés are not accredited to foreign Courts to try and find out the secrets which the armies and navies of those countries wish to keep to themselves. That kind of work is done by men of a different class entirely, and no man is less fitted to be an employer of rascals who try to sell plans of fortresses and drawings of new guns than the pleasant, straightforward soldier or sailor who is the typical service attaché. After the scandal of the Dreyfus affair, into which the names of some of the foreign military attachés were dragged, most Governments issued stringent orders to their naval and military attachés abroad not to meddle with any secret service work. The real duty of a military or naval attaché is to be so popular with the officers of the army or navy of the country to which he is accredited that he is allowed to see and report upon all that he can legitimately hope to be shown. Great Britain has sent to Paris a succession of very popular Staff Officers, who have all been liked at the French War Office and Admiralty and in Parisian Society; and the last words of warning given them before they started for their posts have always been not to fancy that they are diplomats.

Ullma, by the way, has said that he is an opium-smoker. It is curious that the French naval officers, especially those who have served in Indo-Chinese waters, often become confirmed opium-smokers, whereas I cannot recall any case in which an English naval officer became a worshipper of the drug. Toulon is a

nest of opium-dens, and some weeks ago the police expelled from that town a dozen ladies who, pretending to be letters of furnished apartments, were really keepers of opium-dens, where the French officers of both services went to smoke the deadly little pipes and to sleep off the effects of the fumes.

Most of us who have ever passed sleepless nights know the smell and the taste of opium well enough, and the smell of the smoke in the opium-dens of the Far East is quite enough to make a man walking through them feel drowsy. I once made a voyage on an opium-ship, one of a line which runs from Calcutta to Singapore; and not only I, but all the other passengers, felt drowsy all day long. The black balls of opium are so valuable that they are not shot down into the hold like ordinary cargo, but are stowed in all the driest parts of the ship. A parcel of this valuable merchandise was placed somewhere quite near my cabin, and the whole air seemed to be impregnated with it. I never was on board a better "found" ship, and never had a more comfortable cabin, but I seemed to eat and drink opium with my meals, and I was ready to go to sleep at a moment's notice at any time of the day.



A MACHINE THAT REGISTERS "HITS" THAT ARE NOT MADE: THE SUB-TARGET RIFLE-MACHINE IN USE (WITH THE MARKSMAN PRONE).

To the face of the universal joint that connects rifle and machine is attached a pointer which reaches to the face of the sub-target (X). The rifle itself is aimed at a distant or objective target in the ordinary way, and every movement made by the rifle is exactly reproduced upon a magnified scale by the pointer, which wanders over the face of the sub-target exactly as the sights are wandering over the target aimed at, coming to rest when the rifle is still, and pointing at exactly the same relative spot on the sub-target as the sights are occupying upon the objective target. On pressing the trigger the sub-target jumps forward and strikes the pointer, from which it receives an indentation occupying relatively the exact spot at which the sights were pointing on the objective target when the rifle was discharged.

Stereotyped favourable answer to every question all officers, thus practically refusing to make a secret report in the case of

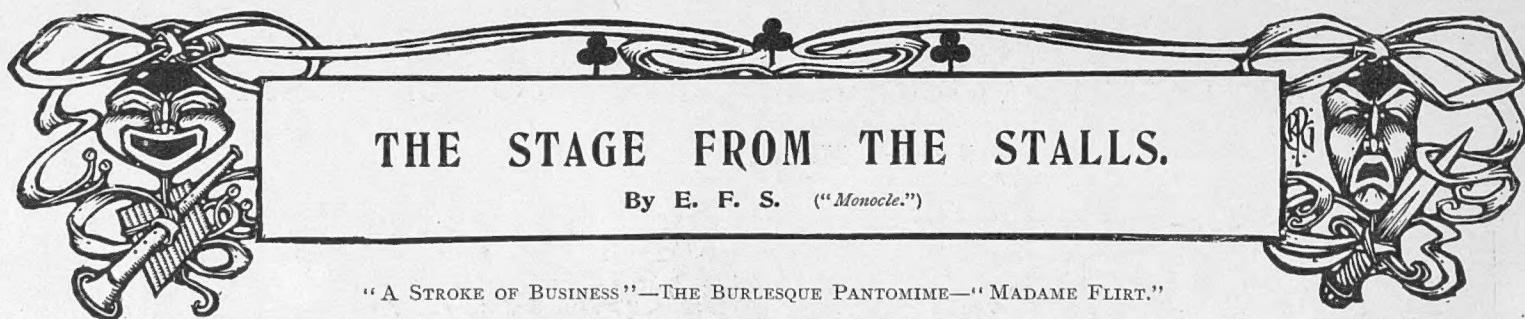
TO TEACH AMERICANS HOW TO BE HAPPY
THOUGH MONEY MARKETED.



MISS LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, WHO IS TO LECTURE FREE AMERICA ON THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema, daughter of the famous painter, arrived at New York the other day. Her mission is decidedly interesting. She is to deliver in various parts of America a series of lectures on how to be happy—a subject that, in view of the present condition of the money market in the United States, will doubtless be welcome. When she landed at New York, Miss Alma-Tadema informed an interviewer that "happiness consists in managing oneself," whereupon, according to the "Mail," the reporter wanted to know if married people could be happy, since they usually managed one another. Miss Alma-Tadema was also asked whether she had always been

happy, and the answer is said to have been in the negative.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



"A STROKE OF BUSINESS"—THE BURLESQUE PANTOMIME—"MADAME FLIRT."

THERE seems to be a curious fatality about the short stories which are converted into one-act plays. Theoretically, a real short story should be quite adaptable. By a real short story, I mean one that has been conceived as a short story, and draw a distinction between it and those that are merely boiled-down long tales. This also applies to the true comedietta as compared with the condensed comedy or the music-hall "sketch." Yet the instances of clever short stories translated to the theatre without more than endurable sacrifice are very few. Even the quaint tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, which always amuse me, have rarely been reasonably entertaining on the stage. To all this it may be answered, and truthfully, that the whole question of adaptation of books is concerned, that it is easier for a camel, etc., than for a playwright, however clever, to build a play of fine quality upon a book. It may be that the tale "A Stroke of Business," by Mr. Arthur Morrison, is rich in grim humour. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Piker, a couple of country skinflints who hoped to make a fortune out of the apparently moribund Aunt Sarah and found themselves saddled for life with a lively old lady who might well live many years and then leave her money to charity, offers opportunities for rather ugly comicality;

carried him beyond many playwrights who have long been before the public. What a bold, wise thing of Miss Ashwell to give him his opportunity—it is not easy to see how except with her aid his play would have been born. By a curious coincidence Miss Muriel Wyford, who gave to Mr. Maugham his chance by producing "A Man of Honour" happens to be in the cast of "Irene Wycherley," where she offers a really admirable performance. A very strong cast it is to be in, for almost every performance seems noteworthy. Miss Ashwell is quite at her best, which, of course, is saying a good deal. Everybody is delighted by Miss Christine Silver, and grieved that nothing is heard of her adventure after the first act; and one might go through almost the whole of the company speaking enthusiastically.

"The Follies" seem to be getting quite a strong hold on the public. I wonder whether they will ever tap the supply on which the German Reeds thrived—the mass of people who think it wrong to go to a real stage-play, but delight in a theatrical entertainment, drawing what seemed to us a very fine distinction. The burlesque pantomime, now revived by Mr. Pelissier and his clever company, is



Mrs. John Mildmay
(Miss Mary Moore).

Mr. John Mildmay
(Sir Charles Wyndham).

Mrs. Sternhold
(Miss Marion Terry).

Mr. Porter
(Mr. Alfred Bishop).

Captain Hawkesley
(Mr. Lewis Waller).

Gimlet
(Mr. L. Dagnall).

Markham
(Mr. Sam Sothern).

Dunbilk
(Mr. George Giddens).

Langford
(Mr. Frank Hatherley).

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE OF "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP" AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE ARREST OF CAPTAIN HAWKESLEY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

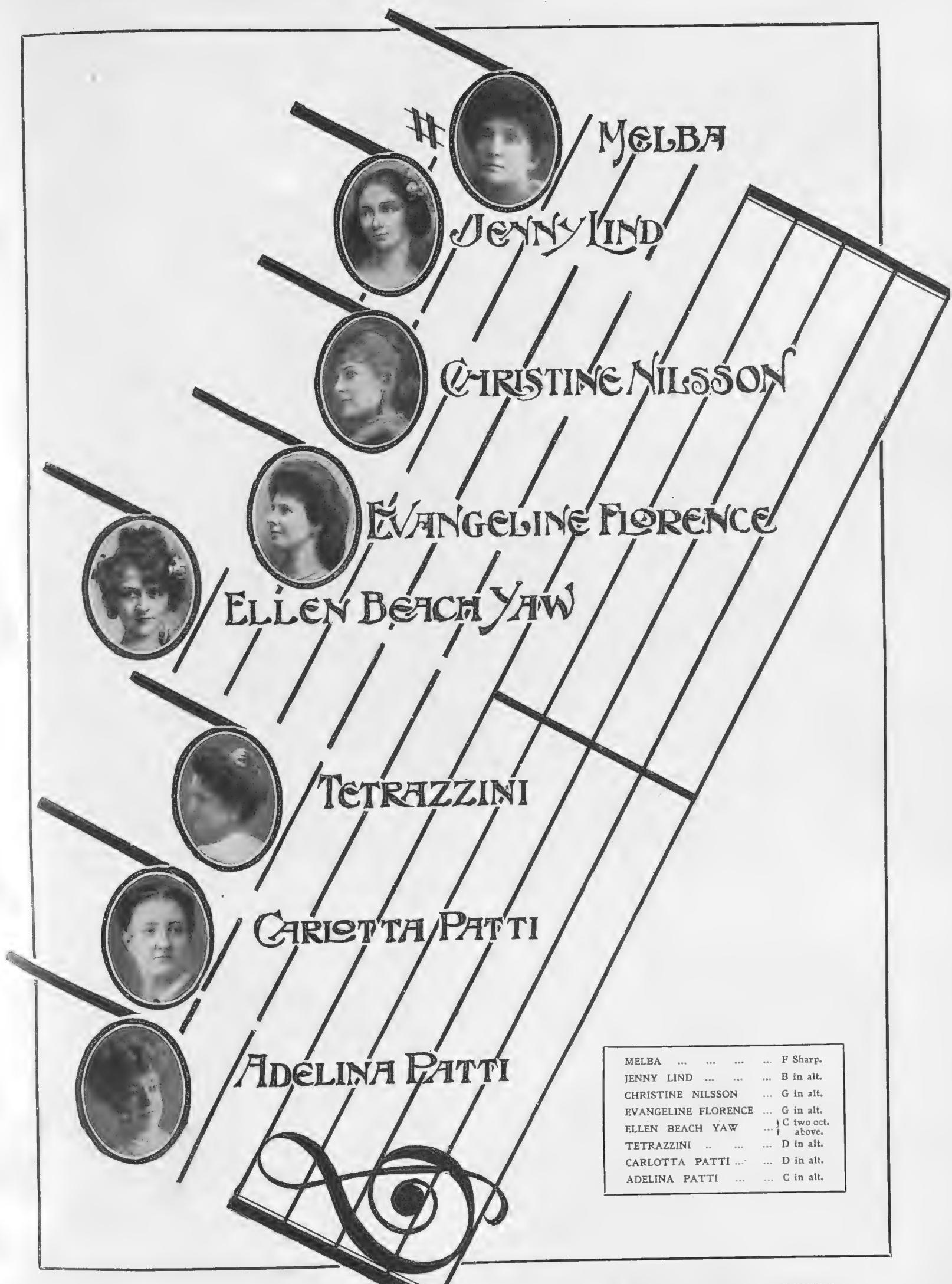
but the play was not much more entertaining than Zola's comedy on a like subject, "Les Héritiers de Rabourdin," of which we once had a dreary version—one of the few big blunders of the Independent Theatre. Soon the talk about Aunt Sarah not lasting long and looking terribly bad and so on began to tell upon sensitive nerves. Worse fault than this, the play by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Newte never reached an acute point: there was no crescendo, and this one must have in a professedly comic work. For the humorous play without a climax is like the funny story which, while possessing a quaint flavour, has no point. It may be suggested that these remarks seem to hit the very clever comediettas of Mr. Fenn, to which there is the reply that his pieces belong to quite a different standard. One accepts the Mr. and Mrs. Piker and Aunt Sarah as figures in a grim episode, an episode which might have been true in fact, but would not, when true, have resembled the play, except in idea. Mr. Fenn's pieces are scraps of life, pre-digested and arranged of course, but surprisingly true, with really recognisable people in them. Their lack of artificiality—not art—renders less important the question of climax. Quite excellent performances were given by Mr. Norman McKinnel, Miss Frances Ivor, and Miss Adie Boyne, but their parts gave no chance of great success.

It is agreeable to be able to say that when I went to see "A Stroke of Business" it was clear that "Irene Wycherley" had a very firm grip on the audience. Mr. Wharton's first work has

quite funny, even if a little premature, for obviously it will gain a great deal after Christmas, when current events can be dealt with and "Bill Bailey" will be treated as ancient history. There may be a kind of fiendish endeavour in the affair to force the pantomimists on to new ground, and compel them to abandon some of the ridiculed stock-in-trade. Such an endeavour clearly is fiendish, for it is certain to do no more than point out to the unsophisticated the absurdity of things that will be offered to them, despite the attack. At any rate, the burlesque makes a capital entertainment, and will serve as an excellent foundation for a second edition after Christmas.

Mlle. Thomassin ended her fortnight's visit to the New Royalty Theatre with "Madame Flirt," a pleasant little farcical comedy admirably adapted for showing what she can do. She has her limits, and no one would call her a star of the first magnitude; but within those limits she is a very charming actress, with a radiant personality and a very pretty gift of quiet sentiment. Both were displayed to advantage in the story of the gay young widow with the many innocent flirtations who took upon herself the guilt of her friend's indiscretion. It is an artificial story, but the authors tell it with some humour, and have invented a very entertaining person in La Roche Tesson. The part was very cleverly played by M. Tréville; and M. Marquet was admirable as Jacques, the man whom the young widow loved.

NOTES THAT ARE EXCHANGED FOR MUCH GOLD.



THE REMARKABLY HIGH NOTES

REACHED BY SOME WORLD-FAMOUS SINGERS.

Mme. Tetrazzini's triumph at the Opera, which is due, in part at least, to her remarkable top note, has once again called attention to the high notes attained by famous singers. A scale of these was given in the "Mail" the other day, and this we have adapted by inserting the portraits of the singers in their top notes.

Photographs by H. Walter Barnett, Russell, Baker Street; Elliott and Fry, Napoli, H. N. King, and Dover Street Studios.



LADY DUDLEY, WIFE OF THE EX-VICEROY OF IRELAND, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO TWIN SONS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

the white-and-black ribbon of the Iron Cross order.

A Happy Double Event. Congratulations from all over the Empire, and especially from Ireland, have been pouring in for the last week on Lord and Lady Dudley, the birth of whose twin sons was announced at a dinner given in connection with the Dudley and District Chamber of Commerce. Lady Dudley, who comes of the splendid old Quaker stock of Gurney, is perhaps the most interesting and brilliant Peeress of her generation. She contributed greatly to her husband's successful Viceroyalty in Ireland, and she takes an enthusiastic personal interest in everything affecting women's work.

Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck.

Although the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland is still in that happy borderland where childhood and girlhood meet, she was present at the splendid ball given last Wednesday at Welbeck in honour of the King and Queen of Spain. As, however, Lady Victoria has now made her informal débüt, she will probably be presented at one of the early winter Courts. This important ducal débutante of 1908 is very

amelled sky-blue, with the letter "L" amid a wreath of stars. The order is worn on the left breast, suspended by



LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, WHO "CAME OUT" AT THE BALL GIVEN AT WELBECK ABBEY TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Lady Victoria is the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and she made her informal débüt in Society at the ball in honour of the King of Spain, given in the wonderful underground rooms at Welbeck Abbey. Our photograph shows her Ladyship talking to Lady Alice Pierrepont, daughter of Earl Manvers, while out with the Rufford hounds. [Photograph supplied by Topical.]

like her lovely mother, and as they both wore white at the ball, they might well have been taken for sisters.

Viscount FitzHarris.

The birth of a little Viscount FitzHarris to the young Lord and Lady Malmesbury has brought them many congratulations, for this is the first son and the heir, and he finds a little sister, Lady Elizabeth, of a year old to

welcome him. Lord Malmesbury, who is himself a twin, like his brother Earl, his Lordship of Durham, is an ardent Conservative, and seems destined to make a considerable mark in politics. He has not disdained to do "spade-work" for the National Union of Conservative Associations, he has been a useful member of the London County Council, and he is great in the ranks of Freemasonry. It may well be that, continuing the diplomatic traditions of the family, he may live to be England's Foreign Minister. Lady Malmesbury, who is a charming young matron of twenty-two, is the youngest child of that genial country squire and agriculturist, Lord Calthorpe.

Miss Dulcie Plowden.

Probably the youngest person present at the hearing of the most sensational cause célèbre we have had for many a long day in this country has been the magistrate's charming young daughter, Miss Dulcie Plowden. Mr. Plowden is as good a father as he is a lawyer, and his children are fortunate in having exceptionally witty and clever parents, for Mrs. Plowden is in her way as brilliant a conversationalist as is her popular husband. Though so much of Miss Plowden's life is spent in London, she is devoted to the country, and she is an exceptionally fine swimmer.

MISS HARDING, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. WORSLEY WORSWICK, OF NORMANTON HALL, TOMORROW (THURSDAY).

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO KEEP DOGS IN THEIR PLACE: AN ESPECIALLY WELL-PRESERVED SPECIMEN OF ELIZABETHAN DOG-GATES.

The dog-gates, which suggest the gates occasionally placed at the top of a flight of stairs on the nursery floor, to prevent young children falling downstairs, are, it will be noted, at the foot of a flight of stairs. Their purpose was to prevent dogs wandering into bedrooms and other forbidden ground.—[Photograph supplied by E. H. Wrightson.]



PNEUMONIA OR A WOUND IN A DUEL? THE LATE PRINCE ARNULF OF BAVARIA (WITH HIS WIFE).

An extraordinary story comes from Vienna that Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, who was reported to have died of pneumonia the other day, really died as the result of a wound received in a duel with swords which he fought with the Duke of Genoa, brother of the Dowager Queen of Italy, at Murano, near Venice. The report is unconfirmed.

PERNICOUS "POMPS." : HAIR AS PENCIL - RACK AND BANK.



1. THE POMPADOUR GIRL FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP HER COIFFURE IN GOOD ORDER, AND WASTES MUCH TIME EACH DAY IN REARRANGING IT.
2. THE PERNICOUS POMPADOUR: SIDE ELEVATION.
3. THE POMPADOUR COIFFURE AS A PENCIL-RACK AND A SAVINGS-BANK.
4. A POMPADOUR FULL OF PENCILS.
5. THE POMPADOUR GIRL.
6. CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF ADDING YET ANOTHER PENCIL TO HER COLLECTION.

A COIFFURE THAT IS BEING ATTACKED.

The Pompadour method of hair-dressing is being attacked vigorously in America, where it is very popular with shop-girls. The shop-managers of Pittsburg in particular complain that their employées give too much time to the dressing of the Pompadour, and, to make matters worse, have acquired the habit of making their hair a pencil-rack and a savings-bank, with the result that it is continually becoming untidy. The campaign is said to have had no better effect than that of making the Pompadour more popular than ever.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the P.-J. Press Bureau.



MISS BAIRD OF URIE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. E. STANLEY CLARKE.

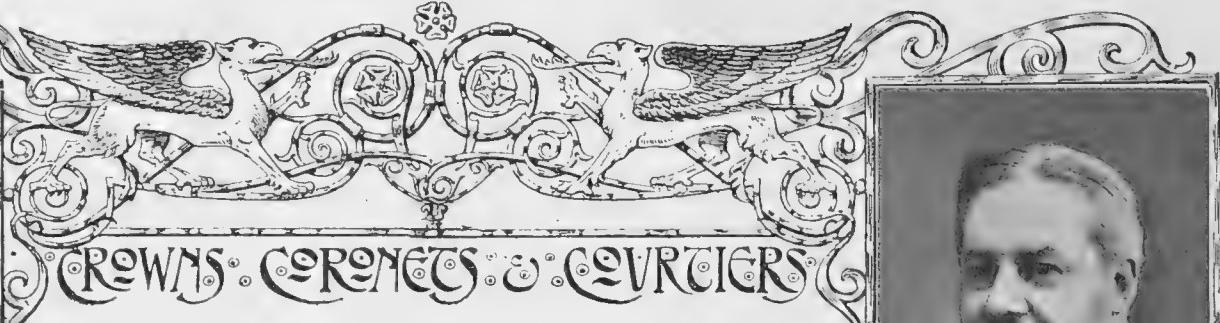
Photograph by Kettrah Collings.

Scots Guards, and is one of the most promising of our younger officers. Captain Clarke's sister is the wife of Captain E. Baird, the happy owner of Woolwinder, and so, in a sense, Miss Baird of Urie is already related to her future husband.

A New Irish Engagement. Keen interest is felt not only in the Emerald Isle but by Lord Dunraven's friends all over the world in the engagement of Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin to Lord Ardee. Lady Aileen shares her father's enthusiasm for the sea, and also for Ireland. So devoted is she to her native country that she does not care at all for the ordinary Society round of London life, and at Adare Manor centre all her interests. It is there that she has her famous violet - farm, which in the spring time is one of the loveliest sights to be seen in green Erin. The marriage of the only surviving child of this famous Irish house will naturally be felt very deeply by her devoted parents, but it must be a great joy to them both to know that she is wedding a future Irish Peer. Lord Ardee is the eldest of Lord and Lady Meath's children; he served in South Africa, and is a Major in the Grenadier Guards.

Lord Northampton.

Lord Northampton, who has been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Castle Ashby, is quite a nobleman of the old régime; he uses his vast wealth magnificently, and, perhaps because his father was a Captain in the Royal Navy, he takes a very special interest in sailors, and not very long ago presented a large building near the Victoria Docks



ONE of the first of smart December weddings will be that of Miss Baird of Urie to Captain A. E. Stanley Clarke, and it will bring a very distinguished congregation together at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road. The bride is, of course, a daughter of the great Kincardineshire laird, and her late mother was a daughter of the first Lord Haldon. Captain Clarke is the only son of the King's Equerry; he was for some time in the

for the use of seafarers belonging to all nationalities. Castle Ashby is a most splendid place, full of beautiful objects collected by the family. The gardens are specially lovely, and rare plants and shrubs are ever being added to them—indeed, Lord Northampton showed his interest in flowers by giving a unique garden-party to his London tenants at the Botanical Gardens. His Lordship's London property is much of it situated in old-world Islington, and among other possessions specially valued by him is Canonbury Tower, which came to his family through his descent from an Elizabethan Lord Mayor.

The New Gold Stick. Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood has just received a special honour from the King in the shape of the colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards (carrying with it the office of Gold Stick), in succession to Lord Wolseley, who has had to resign owing to ill-health. It is not often that this important Court office is held by a commoner, but Sir Evelyn will almost certainly be raised to the peerage before long. Everyone will remember his entertaining book of reminiscences, published last year, entitled "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal," for Sir Evelyn began his distinguished career in the Navy, and is, moreover, a barrister of the Middle Temple. He is still a good man to hounds, and not long ago established himself at a pretty place near Harlow, in Essex. His duties as Gold Stick at great State functions are familiar to him, for he has often acted as deputy for Lord Wolseley.

This Week's Synagogue Wedding.

Last Monday (25th), at the Portman Street Synagogue, American and South African visitors gathered to witness the quaint and beautiful ceremonial which made Mr. Geoffrey Duveen and Miss Ethel Lewis man and wife. The bridegroom is a member of the great firm so much appreciated by art-lovers all the world over, and Miss Lewis is the second daughter of Mr. Isaac Lewis, of Bedgebury Park, Kent, who holds a leading place among South African millionaires.



THE HOST OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, LORD NORTHAMPTON.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.



LADY AILEEN WYNDHAM-QUIN, DAUGHTER OF LORD DUNRAVEN, WHO IS ENGAGED TO LORD ARDEE, ELDEST SON OF LORD MEATH.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.



MRS. GEOFFREY DUVEEN (MISS ETHEL LEWIS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE AT THE PORTMAN STREET SYNAGOGUE ON MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

THE FIRST SERPENTINE DANCER AS SALOME:

LA LOIE FULLER AS THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.



1. A SPHINX-LIKE ATTITUDE.

2. THE DANCER BECOMES COQUETTISH—

3. —BUT RETURNS TO THE LIKENESS OF A SPHINX.

4. THE WITCH'S SNAKE-DANCE.

5. SALOME GROWS FURIOUS.

6. THE PEACOCK DANCE.

La Loie Fuller, the originator of the serpentine dance, appeared a few days ago as Salome—a character she essayed some years ago in M. Robert d'Humière's tragic pantomime. The score to which Miss Fuller dances is by M. Florent Schmidt, and that she has made a great success in its interpretation goes almost without saying. She comes before Herod, first playing with a string of pearls, then in a dress of peacocks' feathers, then as a witch fondling serpents, then in a dance of cold steel, during which the thunder rolls and lightning flashes. John is borne away, and a moment later his head is brought back. Salome takes it, and dances the dance of fear; then throws it from the terrace into the sea.—[Photographs by Henri Manuel.]



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Private Secretary.

It has been noted in one of the daily papers as a coincidence that the Hon. Evelyn Ashley has passed from our midst just as Queen Victoria's Letters have created a new demand for his Life of Lord Palmerston. In the circumstances it is remarkable that many of the obituaries of this delightful man should have been so stodgy.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the member for the Blackpool Division will give us a Life of his father, perhaps the most perfect private secretary that ever statesman had. Grant Duff has bequeathed to us an example of Ashley's exquisite tact. Palmerston was frightfully ill with gout when the Trent crisis was at its height. A letter arrived from Seward plainly indicating, "If you mean to shoot I'll climb down." Palmerston was in too great misery to grasp the significance of the missive. Ashley said nothing, but put it aside, and went on reading out other letters. When these were finished, he took up the Seward letter again, and re-read it as if it were fresh. This time Palmerston saw what the letter meant, and acted accordingly. The tact of a perfect private secretary had a distinct influence there in guiding the course of relations between this country and America.

Pam's Self-Examination.

The alarming failure of the Prime Minister's health, solely as the result of over-work, has set many pens writing upon the subject of the strain and burden of public life. The burden is not a new creation. Peel declared that unless his nose had bled every night he could not have endured the labours of the Premiership. Mr. Balfour had at the end of his term of office to take a severe rest-cure. Palmerston, "the evergreen Premier," as his contemporaries called him, was perhaps the most prodigious worker of the lot. He had a desk constructed at which he used to stand, because, as he said, if sleep overcame him while he was thus engaged, the fall would wake him. Mr. Ashley witnessed his performance in an extraordinary act during the last few weeks of his life. Pam stalked bare-headed out of his house, and gave a cautious look round to see that there were no prying eyes upon him. Then he walked up to the high railings in front of the door, deliberately climbed over the top rail down to the ground on the other side, turned round, climbed back again, and went indoors—satisfied. That was his little way of testing his strength and of finding out whether he was gaining ground physically or losing.

The Wasted Life.

The late Moncure Conway was a careful, critical man, but he committed one error in his Autobiography. He accepted as true the story that Herbert Spencer, beaten at billiards, denounced his successful opponent for that his skill manifested evidence of a mis-spent youth. Spencer never made the remark. He heard of the story again and again, and enjoyed it; but it was no more true than the story of the Duke of Devonshire's yawning at one of his speeches. That, borrowed by Mr. Lucy from a remark as to a different speaker by Lord Ellenborough, is now accepted by the Duke as his own. Conway was himself one of the men who would have fallen under the Spencerian ban had the tale been true, for he was an expert cueist. But the philosopher would have been wrong had he blamed the occupations of the preacher's youth. Conway learned his billiards after coming to England, and John Bright was his mentor.

The Wicklow Case.**The Druce-Portland case.**

many in that the conflict centres round the body of a dead man. Some of the more sensational cases take their rise with the birth of the claimant. The "Douglas Cause" comes, of course, to mind; but one which middle-aged must remember was quite as interesting. That was the Wicklow trial. The fourth Earl died without direct heir; his younger brother had already died; so had that son's sons. A son by this brother's second marriage was the heir-apparent. But up popped a child of five—a nice little boy, all in white, said to be the grandson of the deceased Peer's brother. It was an extraordinary story. The Peer's nephew had married a certain lady, and lived with her in hiding from his creditors. They

were separated for some little time, and then a messenger was sent to the husband to warn him that he was about to become a father. Before he could reach his wife's side the advent of the child was announced. A doctor was summoned from a far part of London, but when he arrived the child had been born, and the lady was in no need of medical assistance. All seemed as clear as daylight, and the odds were on the child. But, between the first hearing and the



BLOOD FOR THE AMERICAN FINANCIER: BOXES OF BRITISH GOLD ON BOARD THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILE."

The financial crisis in New York has caused a notable shortage of gold in the United States, as many people are afraid to trust their money to banks, and prefer to hoard it in their own houses. To relieve the situation bullion is being sent to America as quickly as possible.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

without direct heir; his younger brother had already died; so had that son's sons. A son by this brother's second marriage was the heir-apparent. But up popped a child of five—a nice little boy, all in white, said to be the grandson of the deceased Peer's brother. It was an extraordinary story. The Peer's nephew had married a certain lady, and lived with her in hiding from his creditors. They



RELIEVING THE MONEY CRISIS IN AMERICA: UNLOADING GOLD AT NEW YORK.

The boxes of gold were consigned from London.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

second, the present Lord Selborne's father had the country scoured, with the result that he was able to produce evidence that the little boy in white had been bought, as an infant, from his real mother, a pauper in a Liverpool workhouse. Its supposed father knew nothing about the matter.

“ ALICE IN WONDERLAND.”



I.—ALICE INTRODUCES HERSELF TO THE MARCH HARE.

Now that a successor to Tenniel has been found in the person of Mr. Arthur Rackham, we have ventured—with profound apologies to all concerned—to find not only a third artist, but a new “Alice,” whose adventures, we hope, will be of interest to our readers.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

C.G.



IT is so often said that actresses never "make up" or attempt to disguise themselves that it will surprise many people to learn that it is possible not to recognise in private life a favourite actress seen on the stage but half-an-hour earlier. That happened a few evenings ago to Miss Ethel Irving, whose performance in "Lady Frederick" has evoked such universal praise. As she was returning from the theatre, she was introduced to some people by her married name, Mrs. Gilbert Porteous. The first thing they said was, "We have just been to see 'Lady Frederick.' Have you just come from the Court?" "Yes," replied Miss Irving, naturally thinking they knew who she was. Immediately they began enlarging on the merits of the play in general and Miss Ethel Irving in particular. Gradually, as their criticism became more and more flattering, Miss Irving realised that they did not recognise the woman in the actress. "And really," one of them added, "in the third act, when she is in her dressing-room, she made herself so plain that I didn't know her. But she wears a wonderful wig." Everything else had been allowed to pass uncriticised, but what woman with beautiful hair could stand calmly by and hear it called "a wonderful wig"? It was only to refute that calumny that Mrs. Gilbert Porteous revealed herself as Miss Ethel Irving, and accepted in the former capacity the compliments she had heard of her actress self. By the way, so much has been said about Miss Ethel Irving's Irish brogue that it is interesting to note that, while she is not Irish herself, she used as her model Mrs. Frank Curzon, who has one of the prettiest West of Ireland accents to be heard in London.

Mr. Henry Vibart, who is playing Charles Summers in "Irene Wycherley," is not likely to repeat at the Kingsway an incident which happened to him in Philadelphia. He was acting with Miss Ellis Jeffreys in "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," in which he began the play, and for three weeks he had lived the strenuous life of one-night stands, with the result that he had been ill. On arriving in Philadelphia, a friend asked him at eleven o'clock one morning to go for a motor-ride to Atlantic City and back—a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles. It was a glorious ride, along roads perfectly straight for five or six miles at a stretch, and through peach-orchards in full bloom and pine woods. All went well except for the bursting of a tyre, which delayed them a good deal; but they reached their destination, and in due course remounted the car to return to Philadelphia in time for the evening performance. A little while after starting, as they were rounding a sharp curve, they collided with a runaway wagon-and-pair. From the look on his friend's face, Mr. Vibart knew there was some chance of the damage done to the car preventing them reaching Philadelphia in time for the play. Then, for the first time, he realised what he had never thought of

before—that he had no understudy and that no one knew he was out of town. The drive to Atlantic City had been delightful. The drive to Philadelphia was dismal. They had forty miles to go, and the car had to be tenderly nursed all the way if it was to arrive at all. When, however, they got within ten miles of Philadelphia, they came to a dead stop. Their only hope was that some car would come along and give them a lift. Time was flying. Every moment seemed an hour, and Mr. Vibart was picturing the despair of the stage-manager at his non-appearance, when a big car bore down on them. In two minutes he was in it, to be dumped down at the stage-door ten minutes before the curtain went up. "Very late," said the stage-manager as Mr. Vibart passed him. "Rather late," was the actor's humorously laconic reply. He went to his dressing-room, prepared hurriedly, and was on at the opening of the play as if nothing had happened. If this should ever reach the eye of the stage-manager, he will understand for the first time the reason why the always punctual actor seemed a little late for once.

The death of Mr. Henry Kemble has removed from the ranks an actor whose skill was perhaps scarcely as fully appreciated as it deserved to be, highly popular though he was with playgoers. Of late years his engagements were practically

limited to eccentric and low-comedy parts, in which certain strongly marked mannerisms and characteristic movements of the head and hands undoubtedly made for laughter. Yet he had a very sure perception of "character," and but for the rotundity of his figure he might have played a wider range of parts than that with which his name has been associated. One or two of his performances almost became traditional—notably, his Snarl in "Peg Woffington," a part he always played under the Bancroft régime. His place in the affection of those who knew him is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that he was one of the few men invariably spoken of by a nickname, which in his case was "Beetle." Among his comrades he will always be affectionately remembered, and his presence will be regretfully missed.

Mr. Arthur Wontner, who has been playing John Storm in "The Christian," with much success, is one of the actors who does not mind telling a story against himself. In a certain play in which he was acting the leading part he was rather proud of himself in consequence of several gorgeous uniforms he was called upon to wear during the evening. Going to the theatre one night he had to pass a long queue, whose evident excitement and whispered exclamations naturally roused his latent curiosity. Any complacency with

which he might have listened to what was being said was, however, entirely swept away by hearing a loud voice exclaim, "There he goes—eight feet of skin and bone."



AN ACTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL: THE LATE HENRY KEMBLE.

Mr. Kemble was born in 1849. On the stage he was an admirable "old man" of the port-wine school, and a comedian of much talent and humour, who, perhaps, did not gain all the reputation he merited. His last appearance was at the Haymarket, as Gabriel Gilwattie in "The Man from Blankley's."

Photograph by Ellis and Hale.



GRACIE LEIGH II.: MISS MABEL SEALBY AS MINA IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND" ON TOUR.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

ALL IMAGINATION.



TENDER-HEARTED MOTORIST (*whose car has knocked down and run over a fervid Christian Scientist*): Dear, dear! What a dreadful accident! Are you very much hurt?

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST (*with the utmost cheerfulness*): Hurt, Sir? Not at all. A little rumpled perhaps—nothing more.

[NOTE.—It is one of the beliefs of the Christian Scientist that illness and pain can be conquered by an effort of faith.
Determine that you are well, and you are well.]

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

POETS are born, but their reputations are made; and it is a great affair when, all within twenty years, we can be present at the stages by which a man emerges from nothingness and takes his place among immortals. It is now nineteen years since a dirty bit of paper, with a scrawl of verse, reached a London editor from Francis Thompson. It had the luck to be read. It was published. The author was tracked out, watched for at populous corners by day, and lain in wait for under solitary archways at night; and was discovered. Food and raiment were found for him; and then he found voice, and gained readers and a renown which lovers of literature know can never be taken away.

The death of Francis Thompson came as a shock to those who had waited, with the imperative need born of poetry which took a singularly intimate position in so many lives, for a fourth volume to add to the published three. That those three volumes were in themselves the full fruits of a lifetime—Francis Thompson was forty-seven at his death—is accorded by all whose calculations do not consist in the mere counting of words. When a few poems, found in the last volume, are excluded, each one of his published poems may be catalogued as wholly worthy of his genius. There was with him no lashing of words into waves that might spray the heights touched by England's supreme poets. His poetry, with its flood of inevitable imagery, swept on past the barriers of comparisons which are set up to discourage our generation. He has made his own standard; his poems reach the high-water mark of his own poetry. It would belittle him to judge him by the rules of the anthologies; and the critics who, on the publication of his first volume, discovered in him the resurrection of the writers of the seventeenth century, were not alive to his transcendent actualities.

However inadequate the praise that greeted the first book in 1893 may seem to succeeding generations, it was enthusiastic. And the critics of his time for whom he, in spite of his indifference to the world, can be said to have cared were among his truest admirers. Browning lived long enough to see the glimmering of the new light of his poetry, and Coventry Patmore, in whom Francis Thompson recognised a "captain of song," cared sufficiently for the young man's poetry to seek his friendship—he whose friendships at the time were only two, and those, like Patmore's, gained at the point of the pen. He is "Crashaw born again, but born greater," wrote Lionel Johnson, on the publication of the first volume, and the constant confusion by the critics of his genius with Cowley's threw back a lustre from the nineteenth upon the seventeenth century. Mr. Traill gave him the formality of a welcome in the *Nineteenth Century* as "a poet of the first rank." But, like the roses from Mr. George Meredith that were put into his grave, a multitude of admirations never found their way to Thompson's aloof knowledge.

The appreciation of readers lay locked in unopened letters; pamphlets of exposition of his work came to him from America, but were ignored by him whose fame they concerned. Knowing that his name must burst into renown when the time was ripe, he was more interested in the fluctuations of the batting averages and the uncertainties of cricket than in the inevitable oncoming of recognition. That it should come in full in his lifetime was no hope of his—it would have added to the embarrassments of life; he would have been condoled with in his manifold illnesses, his constant communings with his note-books would have been disturbed, and the irritation of misunderstanding adulation trebled.

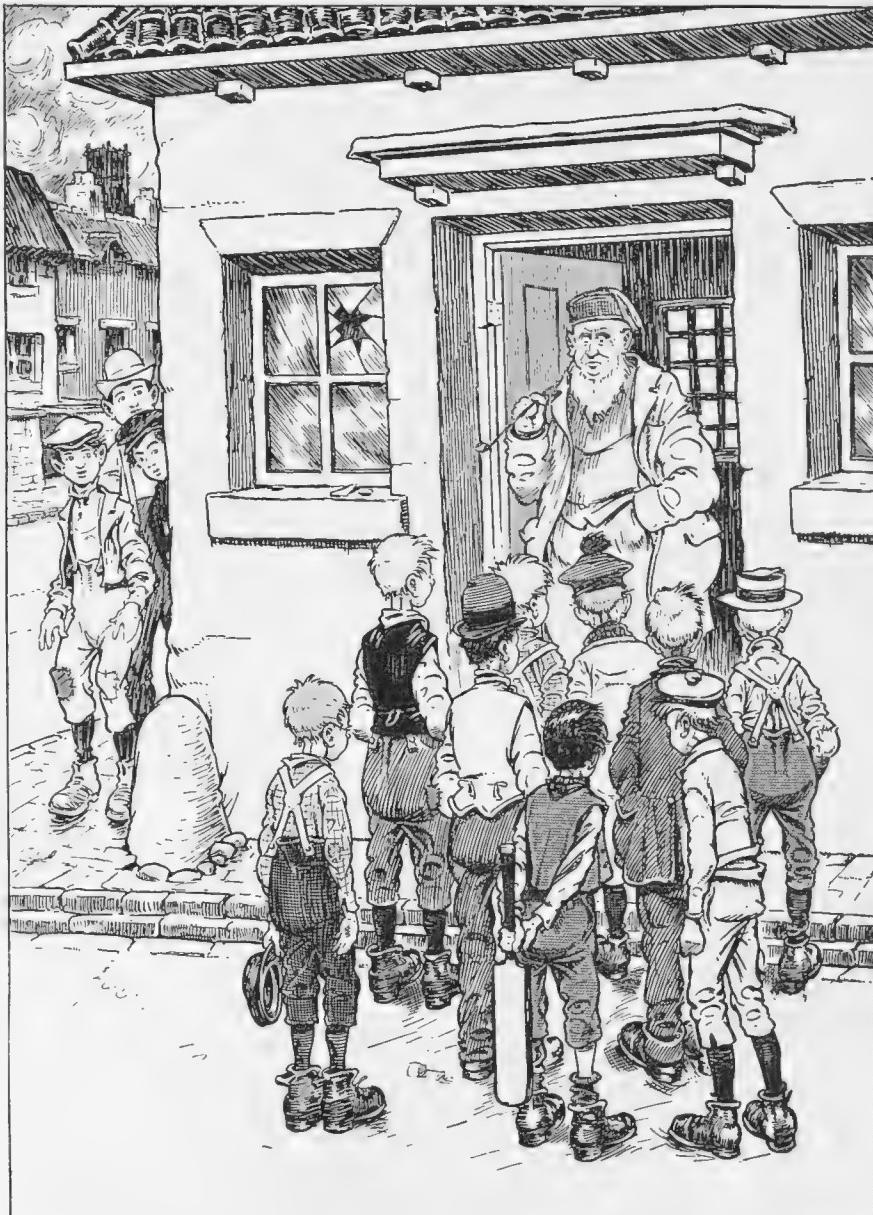
But no indifference to the contemporary world (which, after all, can afford a true poet but a handful of the readers who will ultimately be his) could prevent the inroads of admiration, and I have seen him, on rare occasions, genuinely pleased with praise. One of these, I remember, was when, in Lady Burne-Jones's memorials of her husband, he read the following sentences—

The winter's labour [in 1893] was cheered by the appearance of a small volume of poems by an author whose name was till then unknown to us. The little book moved him to admiration and hope; and, speaking of the poem he liked best in it, he said: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' no mystical words have so touched me as 'The Hound of Heaven.' Shall I ever forget how I undressed and dressed again, and had to undress again—a thing I most hate—because I could think of nothing else."

It is never easy to reconcile poetry and the poet; but Francis Thompson, in the very aloofness, and, as it seemed to the onlooker, the failure of his life, held himself—"the conduit running wine of song"—in meek obedience to his muse. Even the ordeal of years spent in utter poverty upon the streets of London—when certainly there were no laurels on his brow, and, at times, not even the stimulus to his hand of paper, pen or pencil—

proved to be but the vigil before a rapturous outpouring. That he survived a period when he was too weak, almost, to earn a precarious daily shilling by the hard work which may come the way of a loafer, had in it, I think he believed, something of divine providence. And who shall deny the miracle that none of the random, strident winds of misfortune puffed out the exquisite flame of poetry sheltered in his frail body? Even when he was brought from the streets and had lain for weeks in hospital, the medical opinion was that he could not live. But Storrington, in Sussex, where he was sent to recover the health that his new-found friends held extraordinarily precious on account of such scraps of his composing as had come to their hands, was, in reality, the dawn of the poet's day. He did not forget his bitter vigil, it is true: that was mingled with all his ecstasy in nature, and his poetry of that period has been likened to a tree, resplendent in sunshine, still swaying in a departing storm.

M. E.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

"Please, Mister, there's a hole in your window, and our ball's just gone through it."

DRAWN BY E. SPEED.

Nov. 27, 1907

THE SKETCH.

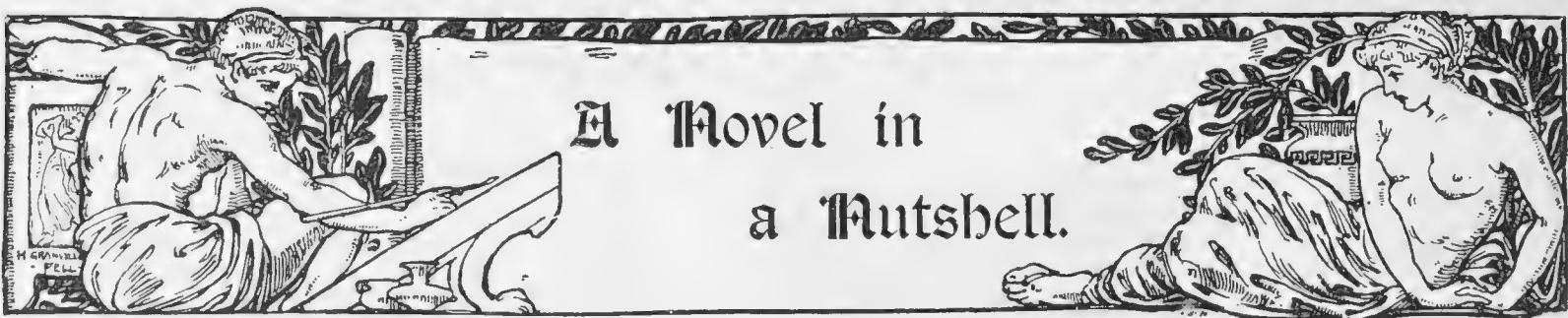
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ON HIS WAY TO TAKE THE WATERS.



THE FIRST HEAVIER-THAN-AIR FLYING MACHINE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE LITTLE BLIND GOD.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

OFFICIALLY Mlle. Lucie and I are foes; personally, we are friends. As I am fifty-six and she is twenty-six, I may say that my friendship amounts almost to affection. So I called upon her directly I returned from my mission to the East.

"So you have come back from the ends of the world, my friend," she said, holding out both hands. "A little bird whispers, with your usual success. No, no! I am not—what you call it?—fishing for secrets. I know of your mission most entirely."

"It might be proclaimed from the housetops," I declared, sinking into a chair beside her. If there was anything that she wanted to find out from me it did not relate to the mission.

"If there were secrets," she said artlessly, "I should not waste time fishing from *you*! You are too clever for me!"

I smiled. "If I remember, the advantage is on your side." The score, I reckoned, was six to five in her favour, with draws innumerable.

"Just one," she owned, with a laugh that showed her white teeth. "I generally claim more."

"The Little Blind God fights on your side, Mademoiselle."

"Ah!"—she gazed thoughtfully at the fernery in the window—"but—he is a dangerous ally."

"A devoted one to Mademoiselle," I vowed. There were three reasons for compliment: first, I am a diplomat; secondly, Mlle. Lucie is utterly charming; thirdly, she had, perchance, some information that I wanted.

"Yet once I did trust him too much," she stated, with a grave shake of her head. "Come, shall I tell you? You will laugh at me, but you will respect my confidence."

"Have I ever betrayed it?" She shook her head emphatically. There is honour between—Mademoiselle and me.

"Then to-night we talk just as friends," she said prettily, "since there is nothing that you wish to know from me?"

"Well, there is," I owned. Candour in the right place is my strongest weapon. He is a poor diplomatist who never tells the truth.

"You will not learn it," she said saucily, "unless—do you offer an exchange?"

"Then there *is* something you want?" I said, with a faint smile.

"Why, yes." I thought so.

"Let us bargain," I proposed. So we bargained; but without result. Our secrets were such as neither could barter without higher authority.

"Now we can talk frankly," she said imperturbably. "Just as friends."

"Just as friends; about the Little Blind God that played Mademoiselle false. I cannot believe it."

She composed herself on her cushions, and held up her hand for attention.

"It is a story of the Anglo-American Treaty, that we did not find out in time," she stated, with an expressive shrug of her slender shoulders.

"You did not find out then?" I said, with simulated ignorance.

"You know." She shook a reproving forefinger. "But you do not know that it was I who failed—I!"

"It happened while I was away," I explained. It was no business of hers that they had told me at headquarters on my return home.

"It was the beginning of June, when the Ambassador came to me one morning. He was breathless. My stairs are several, and he, poor man, is gross! He was excited, so that he paid me no compliments." Her eyes sparkled wickedly. "When he had recovered from the stairs he spoke most fast. 'The Treaty is drafted,' he said. 'It goes out to-morrow by the *Mandarin*. You must get a copy and telegraph from New York. I have taken a passage for you; also for Lasalle and Ruvigne.' The brutes!" She paused for breath.

"I did not think you would work with such russians," I said testily. I have, as I have said, a fatherly regard for her.

"So I said I could not go. It was impossible." She laughed. "How the poor man raved! That moved' me not; but he named terms!" She held up her hands to denote comprehensive admiration.

"So you went?"

"I went; on the condition that, succeed or fail, there should be no violence. My friend"—she leaned towards me with her big eyes shining—"do me the justice to say that never have I been party to that."

"Never, I am sure," I said emphatically. Mademoiselle Lucie's strength is finesse. Her weakness is to be somewhat tender-hearted.

"There was a time," she said meaningly, "in Madrid, when some proposed—"

I smiled grimly. "I was tolerably well prepared. Yet I owe much to Mademoiselle's intervention." It might be that I owed my life. "I do not forget."

"Also there are things that I remember." She gave me a smile that was different from the diplomatic variety. There was an occasion in St. Petersburg when I was able to do her a service.

"I am always Mademoiselle's very sincere friend," I assured her.

She nodded brightly.

"That we are friends it is not needed to say. The messenger to carry the treaty was the Hon. Robert Delawney!"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Our diplomatic service will always be behind that of other nations while we prefer birth to brains," I said. "He's a very fine young fellow personally; but—"

"Yes," she assented thoughtfully. "So big and handsome and strong. Yet, according to the Ambassador, he is not always wrong! He had a weakness. He was very susceptible to the little god." I nodded. "We were to overcome him, small Master Cupid and I."

"Could you not?" I asked with some surprise. Delawney must be a stronger man than I imagined, if he could withstand Mlle. Lucie.

She shook her pretty head and regarded the bows on her shoes attentively.

"There were difficulties," she said. "The Ambassador might even be mistaken in supposing that he carried the treaty."

"He does not make many mistakes of the kind."

"No. Still, he might carry it in many ways. There was a little iron chest that went into the strong-room. There was another that went into the hold. There were portmanteaux and a bag for his cabin. Of course, we wished to avoid the risk of needless attempts."

"So you were to find out where the document was—Delawney being a rather simple young man?" She frowned.

"Not so simple, perhaps. Truly, I do not know."

"I see. It may have been mere luck that saved him. Tell me." She rested her dainty cheek on a dainty hand and looked sideways at the fire.

"We made acquaintance as we were being pulled out of dock—the great big ship by the tiny little tug. It is absurd, is it not?"

"There are similar cases," I said with a smile.

"I asked a question of him. He answered a great deal. Also he looked at me exceedingly. It happened strangely that our seats in the saloon were next to one another. Also he was not ill of the sea, and neither was I."

"The sea is but one of Mademoiselle's conquests."

"We consoled one another for the lack of company. Truly we talked great nonsense!"

"Can he talk nonsense properly?" I asked. It is an art.

"He talked very nicely to me."

"You liked him?" Her eyes flashed lightnings.

"Never will you be a great diplomat—no! You are blunt—horrible."

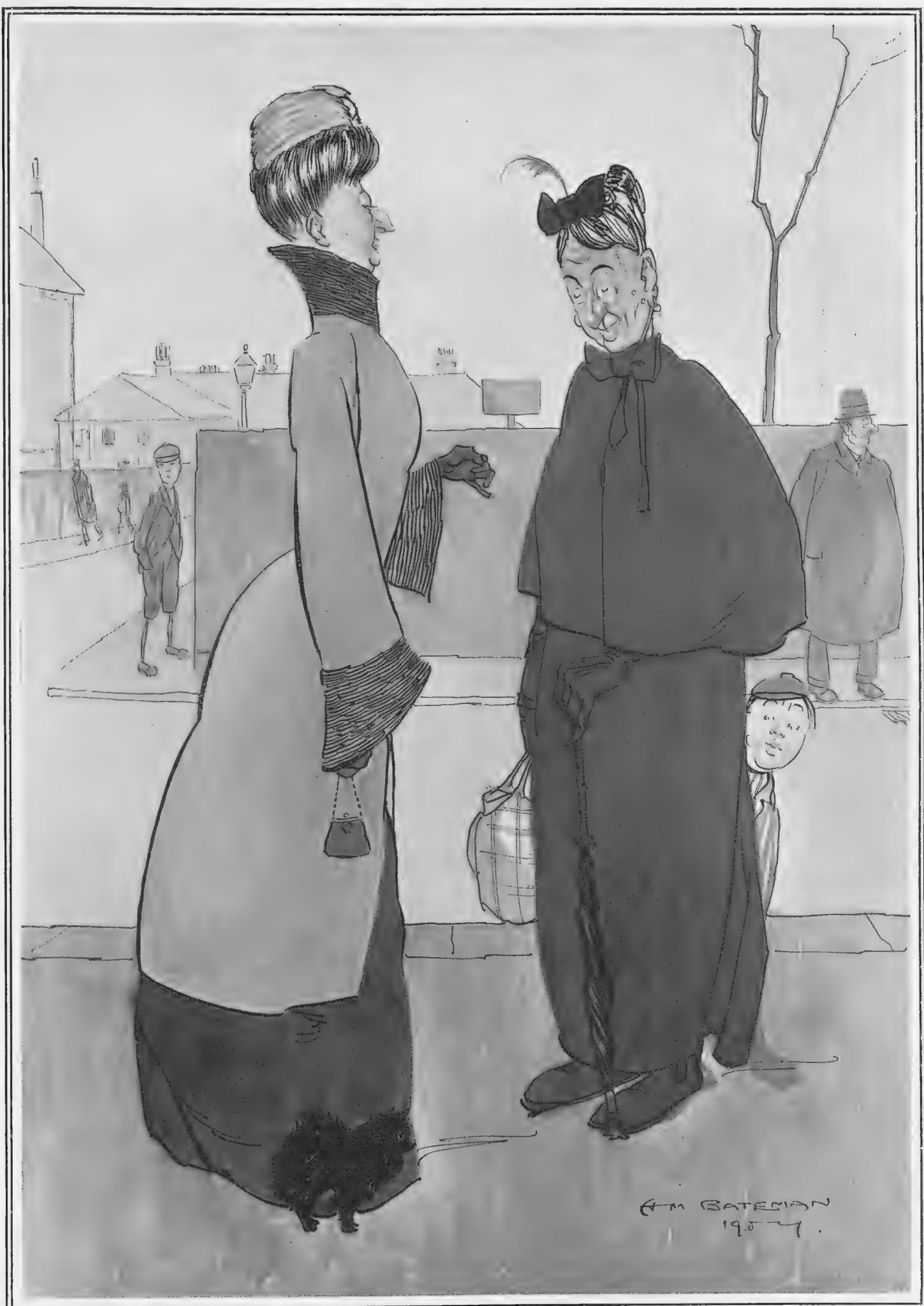
"Pardon me," I murmured. "We are talking as friends." She smiled graciously with one of her kaleidoscopic changes.

"It is so! Dear friend!"—she touched my arm for a moment—"I liked him—no more. Do you not believe me?" I shook my head smilingly. "You do not understand women."

"I understand that I do not understand," I said. That is as far as a man can go.

[Continued overleaf.]

HOITY TOITY!



LADY (*meeting Mary, who was once her servant*): Why, Mary, how are you? Where are you living now?
MARY: Thank you, Mum; I ain't livin' nowheres now—I'm married.

"It is true that I liked him only—then!"

"And he liked you, of course?"

"He said so."

"You flirted a little?"

"We flirted—oh, a great deal!" She shrugged her shoulders.

"But he was discreet?"

"Yes; and no. You shall judge. On the second day he admitted that he was in the diplomatic service. 'That needs the great mind!' said I. 'Sometimes!' He laughed his great laugh. 'Then they do not employ me; only when they want a strong arm.' 'Carrying secret dispatches and things of such kind?' I suggested. 'Perhaps even now—' Of course he made clumsy attempts to turn the subject; but I teased him to confess that he was carrying important documents, though he would say nothing of their subject. Possibly he knew less of this even than I—anyhow, I teased him no more then. Late the following evening, after dinner, we were standing looking over the side at the green water fighting with the white foam." She looked up at the ceiling with big, childlike eyes. "Mon Dieu!" she cried. "I could have wished to be only nobody, with no secrets and no mission at all—I!"

"I have felt so," I said softly, patting her arm, "a long time ago; when you were a little girl in frocks."

"It is nonsense, is it not so? Yet I nearly forgot myself in the green and white waters."

"And he?" She laughed bitterly.

"He seemed to forget himself altogether. He let me lead him on to talk of his mission and its risks. How did he know that he was not dogged? How did he know that I was not a secret agent? I asked, smiling up in his face. 'A very frail little agent!' he said, looking down at me." She paused and suggested that I might like a cigarette. I lit one. She does not smoke herself. Indeed she does nothing unfeminine.

"And then?" I inquired.

"Then I asked him, 'Where do you carry your precious despatches if you think I am not a spy. Be not too sure!' And I laughed. He looked at me with his grave face. 'I should not like to think ill of Mademoiselle,' he said. 'It would hurt me too much.'" She pushed away the footstool angrily. "If he knew me as you do, my friend!"

"If he knew the world as I know it, little friend," I said, "he would esteem you—as I do!" She gave me her hand suddenly, and I pressed it.

"Thank you," she said. "At least there is this—that I made up my mind to ask him no more; but he told me of his own accord. The despatches were in the cabin. 'Surely that is not safe,' I said. 'You should put them in the strong-room. Anyone could get them from your cabin.' 'Not so,' he said. 'They are in a steel case, padlocked to the bedstead. Now are you satisfied, little Miss Curiosity?' 'Yes,' I said artlessly, 'if you carry the key.' 'Of course I do,' he replied. Then we looked at the water again, and talked—of other things." She stopped and looked away from me.

"The next evening," she continued. "Ah! it was grand. The moon shone all over the sea, and made dances of fairy lights on the waves. We sat in our deck chairs outside the music-room, where it was dusk. Then I teased him to let me see the key. At last he gave it into my hand. It was on a chain, and the other end of the chain was on his belt. It was impossible to take it, but there was soft wax in my hand. I pretended to hide the key to torment him, while I wiped off the traces."

"Clever as always!" I murmured admiringly.

"Wicked! Deceitful! Detestable!" she cried passionately. "Oh, I hate myself! Hate, hate, hate!" She stamped her tiny foot furiously.

"Mademoiselle is too gentle for the secret service," I murmured sympathetically.

"You know why I went into it?" she said, with a catch in her voice.

"Yes. It was to keep a widowed mother and a crippled brother. I know."

"I gave the impression to Lasalle and Ruvigne," she continued with a gasp. "They made a key. While he talked to me the next evening—our last on board—they opened the case, borrowed the papers, and copied them swiftly."

"They were in cipher, of course?"

"In the cipher that is most secret: that not even I know—or you."

"Is that what you are trying to find out?" I inquired with amused suspicion. The hurt look on her face was genuine.

"I am speaking only to my friend," she said. "Do you not believe my honourable word?"

"Certainly," I assured her.

"They copied the cipher, as I said, and put the documents back. When they made me the sign that all was done, I was walking along to the saloon companion with my hand upon his arm. He was praying for an appointment that he might see me again—" She stopped abruptly.

"You gave him one?"

"I did not keep it. I travelled under a name that knows me no more, of course."

"And the great treaty in the headquarter cipher?"

"We telegraphed it to Paris. Next day there came back acknowledgment. They had translated it. There was a great mistake, they said. It was not the treaty at all. I promised you might laugh." She tore a dainty handkerchief with a sudden movement of her restless hands. "I cared not," she said impatiently. "I cared not at all—for the treaty!"

She looked at the fire for a long time; then she turned to me with a question in her eyes. I answered it.

"The treaty was in the chest in the strong room," I said. "The document in the case was only a blind. Delawney knew that; but he did not find out that it had been borrowed. That is why they think, at the Foreign Office, he is not clever. He shall never know."

"You do not understand, my best of friends," she said gently.

"I want him to know!"

I smoked a second cigarette in silence. Then I rose to go. Her hand trembled ever so slightly in my hand.

"Shall I put my trust in you?" she said.

"No," I answered smilingly. "In the Little Blind God."

The Little Blind God went with me when I called upon Delawney. He rose from his chair, and put his great hand upon my shoulder before I had scarcely begun.

"I know all about it, Trevor," she said. "She was Mlle. Lucie de Faye, of the French Secret Service; and she took an impression of the key; and they had the dummy treaty and copied it. I didn't tell them at the Office. It would make no difference, except to stop them thinking that I am a fool. I was a fool over her, and I always shall be. I wouldn't tell anyone else; and you won't—you're a white man, Trevor."

I gripped his huge hand. "She's a white woman, Delawney," I said. "Dear little Lucie! I'm going to tell you about her."

I told him, and when I had done he put on his hat and went off to her. They have a big farm in Australia, and last year I went out to see them there.

"And do you never pine for Europe?" I asked. "Madame Lucie?"

She laughed, and shook her pretty head.

"Only for you," she said. "I stole away the rest that mattered—ma mère and mon frère, and my big, foolish Robert—and the Little Blind God."

THE END.



BILL THE BRUISER: It says 'ere as 'ow Socialists wants ter rob the worker of the sacred peace of 'ome.
Then I'm agin 'em! 'Ands orf 'oly wedlock, I says!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. HALDANE and his supporters may talk as they will about guarding our coasts from the possibility of invasion, but they have not done all that might be done on the subject, and someone ought to put a question when Parliament reassembles. Every man has an antipathy, and it should be the duty of our Secret Service emissaries to find out the antipathies of the leading fighting men of the Continental armies, so that we may have them ready. At present we are at a disadvantage. All the world knows Lord Roberts's pet aversion: he simply cannot live with a cat near him. A nice thing it would be for Old England if he, leading an army of invasion into some European country, were met, as he jumped ashore, by a company of cats! We should be instantly undone. That, however, was not the idea in the mind of the lady on board ship who commented upon the fact of a cat having to be sent off the vessel by which Lord and Lady Roberts returned from India. She did not know either of them, and artlessly remarked: "Don't you think that that little gentleman over there must have been a mouse in a former state?" The person to whom she appealed happened to be Lady Roberts.

Women New and Old. It is twenty years since the French Chamber of

Deputies gave women the right to practise at the Bar. Less than a dozen have availed themselves of the privilege.



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS BOUGHT A PALACE: MME. DUSE, WHO HAS PURCHASED THE CAPONI PALACE FOR £24,000.

The palace, which dates from 1520, and was built by the famous architect, Vicci di Lorenzo, stands on the banks of the Arno, not far from the Delle Grazie Bridge.

The first to wear amongst the lawyers created a great sensation; the last is Mlle. Miropolski, a young French girl of Polish extraction. She is singularly beautiful, and has a rare gift of speech. Alas for feminine aspirations! not one of the *gentilles avocates* is in active practice. A contemporary who has made inquiries found they were all engaged in other occupations. One was out, when the reporter called, on a promenade with baby; another is teaching law—or, at least, legislation—to a class of young ladies. It seems, therefore, that woman, however, enfranchised, has a tendency to revert to her original type, to return to the pursuits for which she is traditionally

qualified. The *femmes cochères* and the women candidates for the Prix de Rome have a way of slipping back into the old-fashioned woman again. *Vive la femme, quand même!*

Postmaster Winston Churchill. Mr. Winston Churchill will

keep his birthday in South Africa, making the total thirty-three, of which two have dawned in the Dark Continent. The other was a sadder affair. The war was at its height, and he had made a big fight for freedom and a bold dash in winning it. It was a starving and ragged fugitive who tumbled into the friendly shelter of the men who gave him sanctuary at Oliphant's River after his escape. Had he chosen the post which was offered to him in the present Government he would not have been in South Africa at this moment. It is not commonly known, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wished Mr. Churchill to be Postmaster-General. The young man preferred the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies. Most men would rather have had the other; but he is a long-headed fellow. He knew that with the Secretaryship for the Colonies in the Lords he would be a star-artist in the Commons. And his bitterest opponent admits that he has been one of the greatest successes of the Ministry.

Many Inventions. Mlle. Lavallière, the charming French actress, has this in common with the longshoreman of whom bassos delight to chant—she

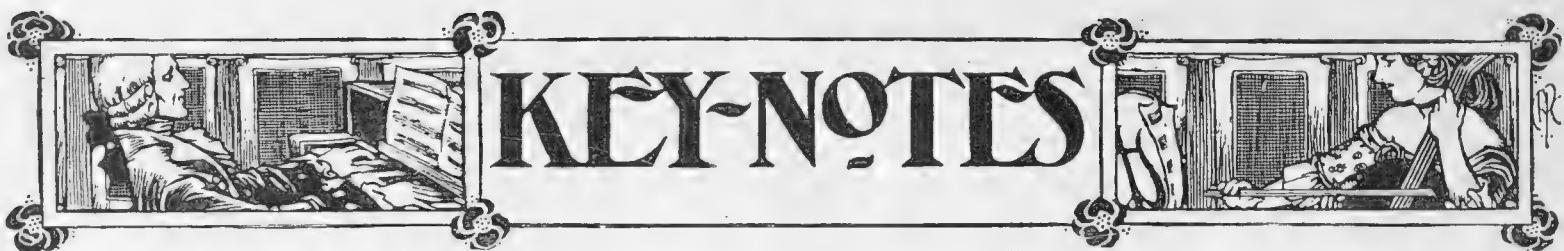
of whom bassos delight to chant—she does not like the sea. Therefore,



A NEW WAY OF TOURING: AN ACTRESS WHO INTENDS TO CROSS THE CHANNEL BY STEERABLE BALLOON—MLLE. LAVALLIÈRE.



A PROFESSIONAL FOOL WHO DOES NOT LOOK HIS PART: THE SOLEMN-FACED JESTER TO THE COURT OF MOROCCO.—[Photograph by Balak.]



THE past week has brought to the attention of concert-goers two young players whose attainments are quite remarkable, even in these days when prodigies are almost as common as fogs. At the Symphony Concert given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, Miss May Harrison, a young violinist still in her teens, played the newly discovered Mozart Concerto delightfully, introducing her own cadenzas, and exhibiting a feeling for the composer's aims and temperament that is astonishing in one so young. The new concerto itself is such an admirable piece of music that one feels not a little angry with the possessor of the manuscript who refused to allow it to be performed, and would perhaps have kept his treasure from the public for all time. Happily, the discovery of a second copy gave the music to the world. In these days of compositions that are so often quite divorced from melody and the ordinary rules of structure, we cannot afford to dispense with anything that Mozart wrote, and the Seventh Concerto is a valuable addition to the world's store. As we have said, Miss Harrison revealed uncommon gifts in its presentation, and we should not have realised that she has anything to learn if she had not essayed the Brahms Concerto later in the afternoon. This work demands a measure of maturity, both in thought and in technique, that may well baffle a youthful player; however accomplished, and it would have been wise for the young violinist to content herself with something less exacting. As it was, she had every reason to be proud of her achievement, but it showed that there is a dividing line in the Brahms Concerto between the performance of a child and the performance of a seasoned veteran. The technical capacity of the prodigies before the public is so great that this difference is often overlooked, and we may add that it can be concealed so long as the player is content with work of ordinary difficulty.

When Dr. Richter presided on Monday week last over the second evening concert of the London Symphony Orchestra he delighted his audience with one of those vivid readings of Beethoven's great C minor Symphony that seem to be peculiarly his own. Surely the beauty of the great master's work has never been more fully understood or more clearly expressed than it is under Dr. Richter's direction. So admirably balanced is his sense of proportion that each movement of the work becomes an essential part of it, while, under less skilled

guidance, the beauties become detached, and in an endeavour to emphasise too much, all perspective is lost. Dr. Richter introduced to the London public yet another prodigy, Ernest Lengyel, a Viennese lad of fourteen, who played the brilliant Liszt Concerto in E flat as if it held no difficulties for him. Perhaps he lacks the full measure of insight that belongs to a player like Mischa Elman, who seems to have become a man before he ceased to be a boy, for certain passages were treated superficially, though with a certainty of touch and a clearness that were quite amazing. At the same time, it must be remembered that Liszt is the greatest exponent of virtuosity in pianoforte-playing, that even the great masters of the instrument are not always able to find much depth in passages that call for the loud applause of the unthinking. In his treatment of Bach's music, in the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Lengyel was heard to greater advantage, and he has since given a recital, too late for notice here, at the Bechstein Hall which would give his audience a better idea of the full range of his gifts than an orchestral concert can hope to afford. Lengyel gave his first recital at Budapest when he was five years old.



THE CONCERTINA AS A CONCERT INSTRUMENT :
MISS CHRISTINE HAWKES, WHO IS TO GIVE "AN EVENING WITH THE ENGLISH CONCERTINA" ON FRIDAY NEXT.

Miss Hawkes' recital will certainly be a novelty, and is assured of success, for she plays her somewhat uncommon instrument, which she has been studying for the past seven years, with great skill. Hitherto Miss Hawkes has been heard chiefly at charity concerts, and some time ago she appeared at Stratford-on-Avon and played at the Shakespeare Memorial Concert organised by Miss Marie Corelli, whom Miss Hawkes has known for some years.

Photograph by Walton and Co.

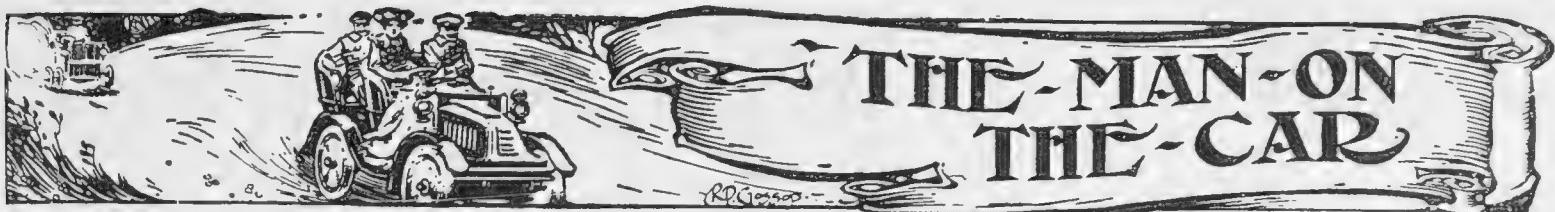
Frederick Delius, whose Symphonic Variations for Orchestra and Chorus have been played at the Queen's Hall, is an English musician who was educated in Leipzig, and was advised by no less an authority than the late Edvard Grieg to become a professional musician. He has made considerable mark on the Continent, and any new work from his pen is sure to obtain a hearing in Paris and Berlin. But London knows very little about him, and people were asking whether he is English or German when his pianoforte concerto was played the other night at a Promenade Concert. Mr. Delius has written a successful opera, "Koanga," and a comic opera entitled "The Village Romeo and Juliet." This last is already very popular in Berlin, although it was only presented for the first time at the beginning of the year. Among the compositions of Mr. Delius, some of which may be heard in the near future in London, are the "Song of a Great City," "Life's Dance," "Sea-Drift," a work for orchestra and chorus, to be given at Sheffield next autumn; and a "Mass of Life," for which Mr. Cassirer, who conducted the concert at Queen's Hall on Friday, has supplied the book. It is founded on Nietzsche's "Zarathustra." Although we have musicians in abundance in this country, there are not so many of them doing serious work that we can afford to overlook Mr. Delius.—COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW PIANIST-PRODIGY: MASTER ERNEST LENGYEL, WHO HAS ACHIEVED A MARKED SUCCESS.

Mister Lengyel is fourteen, and was born in Vienna. Doctor Richter heard him play in Budapest last Easter, and thought so much of his work that he arranged to bring him to England. The young pianist first began to study the piano at the age of four. At five he won a scholarship at the Budapest Academy, and he has already attempted composition.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



THE WONDERFUL 10-12-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER HUMBER—TENDENCIES OF DESIGN AT OLYMPIA—LOW-POWERED SIXES—BRITISH AND FRENCH
ENGINE-LUBRICATION: FORCED, BUT NOT FORCED ENOUGH—DUAL-JET CARBURETTERS—THE A.A. FIVE THOUSAND STRONG.

IT was not at all extraordinary to find large crowds gathered round the Humber stand at Olympia, for in the particularly neat and taking-looking 10-12-h.p. there was one of the cheapest and best four-cylinders at the price in the show—I say at the price, and most complete value for money. In an entire car, backed by Humber reputation and priced at £250, with double-phæton side-entrance body, may be found refinements hitherto seen on few but the most expensive automobiles. For instance, the crank chamber is divided horizontally, the lower part forming an oil-well; the mudguards are all four provided with shields on the inside, to avoid the splashing of the bonnet-dashboard and body. The frame is admirably sprung, the rear of the chassis being carried on a supple semi-elliptical transverse spring, shackled to the rear ends of the two usual longitudinal springs. In the dainty separate-cylindered engine the contact-maker is set on the top of a vertical spindle-bevel, driven off the cam-shaft, and placed most accessibly. The standard body provided will meet with the approval of all people of taste.

With the doors of Olympia so recently closed, the general effect and tendencies of design as there shown are still present in the mind. The makers evinced more than a faint desire to bend to the so-called six-cylinder craze by producing motors of quite low power with this number of power-pots. Take, for instance, the 15-h.p. six-cylinder Standard as a British type, and the 15-h.p. six-cylinder Délauay-Belleville as an instance of what leading French makers, once so coy with regard to the Napier example, are doing. Those who failed to go carefully over the six-cylinder 15-h.p. Standard missed a rare treat, for she fairly bristled with interesting points, instance the most easily dismountable carburettor, and the most get-at-able jet in the show. Double knuckle joints to the radius-rods are an unusual feature. In the Délauay engine the cylinders are cast in blocks of three—Rolls-Royce practice. Curiously enough, this engine has an extraordinarily accessible carburettor and jet, a third of the side of the jet-chamber being closed by a rotating shutter, which can be turned round, and the jet at once withdrawn.

It was good to notice on every hand that forced engine-lubrication had received careful consideration, but in many cases designers appear to be content to deliver the oil to

sight-drips upon the dashboard, and to depend upon that most economical and ever-present force, gravitation, to carry it to the crank-shaft bearings and the big ends of the connecting-rods, while centrifugal force is relied upon for alimenting the small end-bearings of the connecting-rods and the walls of the cylinders. To my mind, this is a good step forward from the somewhat uncontrollable dash system, but it does not go far enough!

If it is worth while to pump the oil up to the dashboard it is worth more still to continue the dance and deliver it under pressure to the bearings themselves. I know that it is rather more expensive, that it means the formation of ducts through the shaft, cheeks, and pins, brass leads up the connecting-rod and drilled gudgeon pins, but it is worth it all. It means perfect lubrication, proportionate to the engine speed, and absolute freedom from smoking.

The fecund inventor is still hard at work to produce the perfect carburettor, but nothing I saw at Olympia suggested fulfilment of his object. Refinements—quite remarkable refinements—there were by the score, but not just the one thing, or combination of things, that make the perfect mixture-maker. And until Nature chooses to alter her hitherto immutable laws, I really don't think that perfection will ever be attained. Now, as formerly, compromise largely obtains, but it must be said that the

compromises of to-day have gained in refinement. There is an increased tendency to use multi-jet carburettors, after the Bollée example of some three years ago. So far as our home producers go, there must in this regard be something of alliteration, for both Rolls-Royce and Roydale use dual-jet carburettors.

The Westinghouse apparatus exhibits a most commendable device for automatically and proportionately controlling both petrol and air.

If a continuously swelling membership roll means anything it assuredly must mean that the strenuous work of the Automobile Association all up and down the country is distinctly appreciated. The Association had attractive office-space at Olympia, and upon the first day of last week they there enrolled their five thousandth member. It was hoped and believed by the executive generally that this grand total would be reached in the course of the Exhibition, but it was not thought that the wished-for figure would be attained in the early days of the Show.



A CURIOUS FORM OF MOTOR-CAR FROM AMERICA: THE HOLSMAN HIGH-WHEELED LIMOUSINE.

The car is given in the "Scientific American" as one of the leading types of 1908 automobiles. It is described as follows: "Engine—4 by 4 double-opposed cylinder, air-cooled. Transmission—two Morse chains to countershaft. Drive—steel cables to rear wheels. Weight—900 pounds. Wheel-base—75 inches. Tyres—solid rubber, 1½ by 44 and 1½ by 48."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



A MOTOR-CAR RAISING MEN AND MATERIAL TO THE TOP OF A FACTORY:
A MAXWELL RUNABOUT AS A HOISTING ENGINE.

One of the rear wheels of the standard double-opposed cylinder, shaft-driven Maxwell Runabout was removed, and replaced by a windlass. The machine was then used as a hoisting engine for the purpose of raising men and materials to the upper storey of a factory. The power had to be transmitted through the spur-gear differential, which was constantly in action while the windlass was turning, since the other wheel remained stationary upon the ground.

The hoisting was done, of course, upon the low-speed gear.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

PROSPECTIVE—REFORM WANTED—APPRENTICES.

No sooner has one flat season closed than we are looking forward to the opening of the next one. As a matter of interest it may be noted that flat-racing begins in 1908 on March 23, and the Lincoln Handicap will be run for on the following day. The Grand National will be contested on March 27, and Easter Monday falls on April 20, when there will be flat-race meetings at Kempton, Birmingham, and Gosforth, and a big jumping meeting at Manchester. The Epsom Spring Meeting will be held on April 28 and 29, the Great Metropolitan being run on the first, and the City and Suburban on the second day. The Two Thousand Guineas will be run on May 6, and the One Thousand on May 8; the Chester Cup will be run on the 13th, and the Kempston Park Jubilee Stakes on the 16th; the Derby will be run on June 3, and the Oaks on June 5. I am glad to note that Ascot does not begin until June 16. This will give us a little breathing space: The Sandown Eclipse Stakes will be decided on July 17. Goodwood will open on July 28; the August Bank Holiday will fall on Monday, the 3rd, next year. There is to be a one-day meeting at Sandown. The Doncaster St. Leger is set for Sept. 9. The Newbury Autumn Cup will be run on Sept. 26, and the Duke of York Stakes will be decided at Kempston on Oct. 9. The Cesarewitch is to be decided on Oct. 14, and the Cambridgeshire on Oct. 28. The Liverpool Autumn Cup will be run on Nov. 6, and the Manchester November Handicap on Nov. 26, on which date the flat-race season closes. The Park meetings in the London district have a fine complement of fixtures, and it is to be noted that a flat-race meeting will take place on Nov. 19 and 20, but it may not be a big success. At any rate, the autumn meeting held at Epsom some years back was a failure. The last flat-race meeting to take place next year in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis is a one-day fixture, set for decision at Newbury on Nov. 25.

I think the time has arrived for bookmakers to adopt the French plan, and lay a price against all the horses running out of one stable mixed. It is a positive fact that we often find trainers who do not know which is the best of their horses engaged in a race. It does not say much for their intelligence, and the poor public suffers accordingly. The plan

I have suggested works admirably on the Continent, and it should be introduced into England. Another little matter I should like to touch upon is the running of animals out of their distance. We often see horses down the course in five-furlong races come out a week later and win at a mile-and-a-half. I think trainers should be compelled to make a declaration when

horses are entered over various distances. It would be interesting as showing the cuteness or otherwise of the trainers, if for no other reason. There are several who can train sprinters, but scarcely ever win long-distance races. Why it is I cannot say. Perhaps they do not know how to prepare horses over a distance of ground, or it may be that they are partial to five-furlong gambles. I would compel every trainer to win one long-distance race to three sprints, and if he failed to do so I would have him fined. One thing is certain, the sightseers who pay big ring fees much prefer watching the long-distance races, and the Jockey Club should do all in their power to encourage events decided over a mile-and-a-half or two miles. The French trainers do not hesitate to race their horses over two-mile courses in the height of summer, and surely the English trainers might follow suit.

I think the greatest blot on flat-racing at the present time is the system under which apprentices are compelled to earn large sums for trainers and others, while they cannot claim anything for themselves. It is a form of "slavery" which should not be countenanced by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Any mutton-headed trainer with a smart apprentice can make a little fortune through no effort of his own; and, to cap all, if the boy did not shape well after losing the claim to the allowance, he would be made to stand down, with the result that he would be out of practice, and could not possibly get a living after he was out of his apprenticeship.

The large sums, or a portion of them, paid for the services of some of the little boys to ride should form the nucleus of a savings-bank account for the benefit of the lads; and the trainer ought to be allowed a small percentage only. All the moneys received for apprentices ought to go through Messrs. Weatherby's books, and accounts should be opened in the names of all the apprentices. If, say, 25 per cent. went to the trainers, this would be all they deserved. Unfortunately, the fathers of many of the apprentices are not sufficiently acquainted with business methods to be able to fight for their boys. It is a great big shame that promising lads should, year after year, be compelled to go to foreign climes to eke out an existence after having put up a good record for other people's benefit in England.

If a full-blown jockey gets all he can, or, rather, gets all he is supposed to, earn, why should not an apprentice be allowed to do the same? A trainer may just as well claim to take all the stakes won by two-year-olds in his stable.

CAPTAIN COE.



A ONE-YEAR-AND-ELEVEN-MONTHS-OLD GOLFER:
MASTER GEORGE BROOKS.

Little George Brooks began his golf at the age of eighteen months, and seldom fails to hit a ball thirty yards. He was born on a links, for his father is green-keeper and professional on a private course.



AMAZON MARY AT WORK: THE CELEBRATED WOMAN TEAMSTER OF ARIZONA WITH HER TEAM OF 16 OXEN.
Photograph by Pierce and Co.

brown jockey gets all he can, or, rather, gets all he is supposed to, earn, why should not an apprentice be allowed to do the same? A trainer may just as well claim to take all the stakes won by two-year-olds in his stable.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Titles for Women.

A savour of perversity marks the proceedings of Man on what Mr. Joseph Conrad calls "this melancholy globe." As a rule, people who ardently desire things are not given them, while on those who hold them cheap they are abundantly bestowed. Everyone knows, for instance, that the men-folk set no store by titles—for do they not always asseverate the fact?—whereas women rather over-estimate them. Yet titles are never given to ladies as a reward for services to politics, science, philanthropy, or literature—the sole and solitary exception being the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Clarence Rook has indeed shown himself the champion of the Fair in this matter, and his recent article on "Titles for Women" has raised quite a flutter of aspiration in feminine circles. In this respect the Sultan of Turkey exhibits a nicer appreciation of the claims of the spindle side than any Christian monarch. For when his Majesty presents the Order of the Medjidieh to an Englishman or American of note, he always bestows a glittering and magnificent Order on his wife at the same time—as recently in the case of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In this way, everybody is pleased, and the Sultan is getting quite a nice social reputation among ladies who go to Constantinople.

Feathers for Kaiser Men. is, perhaps, the one man in Europe who does not slavishly copy the fashions set by his illustrious uncle, King Edward VII. Especially when out shooting does the German monarch's taste in dress differ most widely from the English monarch's. Nothing can be plainer than the English sporting costume, whereas the Teutonic "kit" runs to Wellington—or rather, Blücher—boots, a coat with a lady's turn-down fur collar, and a Tyrolean hat with a picturesque display of feathers. The get-up of the Kaiser is charming, and is, indeed, as "florid" as those stirring and eloquent speeches which endear him to the various Teutonic peoples over



AN EVENING GOWN IN BLACK LACE OVER BLACK SILK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

whom he reigns. But is it the thin end of the wedge? Do these plumes in the coverts portend a revolution in men's decent but melancholy garb? Shall we hereafter see our gilded youth shooting with ostrich-feathers or snowy aigrettes in their caps, and in tunics trimmed with fur? For we must remember that the temptation is great, and that feathers are vastly becoming. Soldiers have always known the value of such ornaments. No general's parade hat is complete without a bunch of cocks'-tails, nor would Hussars or

Horse Artillery be half so imposing shorn of their smart aigrettes. The Italian Bersaglieri have quite a ferocious reputation, due, I believe, entirely to their shower of dark green feathers.

The Pleasures of Advertisement.

public attention. So a pretty French actress has hit upon the device of having an air-ship built in which to cross the perfidious waves of the Channel. The enterprise is a sufficiently audacious one, considering that no "dirigible" has yet ventured from Calais to Dover. If the young lady arrives safe and sound, the public should certainly reward her by taking stalls to see her act. In fact, the situation presents features which will be eagerly snatched at by persons of other professions. The aspiring Editor will compete with wild motor-cars at Brooklands, the actor of ambition will have to have "manned" at least one life-boat at a wreck, the newest "Patti" will get herself ejected from twenty political meetings before she appears at Covent

The world is so indifferent nowadays, and the advertisers are so ubiquitous, that folks in search of a real *réclame* are hard put to it to arrest



[Copyright.
A CHARMING HAT FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)]

An Awful Epidemic.

Fearful and wonderful are the ways of frugal and industrious woman-kind, for they will seize on the most unlikely objects—such as empty tins or discarded sponge-bags—and with infinite toil and patience proceed to turn these dubious articles into precious ornaments of the home. The latest craze, however, is more menacing to the interests of Man, and only Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower will possibly hear of it with unfeigned gratification. For the newest mania, I hear, consists in an unbridled desire to rip up chimney-pot hats, and, skinning them somewhat in the manner that a Red Indian brave detaches his enemy's scalp, to line these trophies with amber or pink satin, and promptly turn them into work-bags. This terrible epidemic is working great havoc among all ages in the middle classes, and no man's hat—however new or however treasured—is safe from the marauding hand of the female who is stricken with this dread disease. I understand that in Kensington and Norwood, in Hampstead and in Putney, men are guarding their Lincoln and Bennetts under lock-and key, while male visitors, afraid to leave their head-gear in the hall, lest they should vanish for ever from their sight, insist on carrying them to the drawing-room, and thus assume at once the appearance of a German professor or an Italian singing-master. Indeed, there is no place, public or private, where unfortunate man can feel secure with his top-hat. Elderly ladies in capacious mantles have been seen snatching the coveted headgear from beneath a pew when seemingly engaged in their devotions, and hurrying out with their booty. But prompt measures are being adopted to stem the epidemic, and I hear that steps of retaliation taken on the offenders' cloche and feathers have in some cases worked like a charm.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE latest thing in figures is the long, flat back. I know this because I have been to consult those eminent specialists, the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street. All kinds of their beautiful corsets are, they tell me, lengthened at the back. Also, they hastened to assure me, nothing is added to the cost on that account.

Their newest stays, and really lovely ones, with the long, flat back, are 53s. the pair, and others, with a wee bit more spring, the same price. They are made in an extra strong material if desired. It is certainly remarkably clever how this company are improving the figures of their clients, and without interfering with their comfort, save to add to it, if that be interference. It is quite worth while to pay the firm a visit, if only to see the variety of their figure-bracing and sustaining elegances, and also to look over a varied supply of lovely Cluny lace blouses, which are being sold very cheaply, some for 47s. They are so made that without the yoke they can be worn in the evening; they are really remarkable value.

It is quite curious how quickly Christmas comes round. The dear thing is nearly here again. I say "dear" advisedly, and with

AN ADMIRABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT:
ACCOMPANYING A SONG ON THE
PIANOLA PIANO.

double meaning. There is no wiser proceeding than to secure early for presents for those you most want to please a few of the new productions of the Parisian Diamond Company; they are so really good and beautiful that I have never given more satisfactory presents.

I am asked so often what I think of mechanical piano-playing, and whether I advise having girls taught to play the piano. I do unhesitatingly, up to a certain point. Excessive practice for acquirement of technique is, to my mind, waste of time when so absolutely perfect an interpreter of the finest compositions can be obtained as the Pianola piano with the themodist. The latter leaves nothing to be desired; the player, without having spent hours and hours of drudgery, plays with complete control over the expression, so that she can really infuse her own musical individuality into the performance of a work she loves. Also she can by using the metrostyle play any work as it is played by any great master of the pianoforte. Given enough cultivation of musical taste for the comprehension of the feeling in works, the Pianola piano, with the themodist and metrostyle, renders them far more satisfactorily than any human fingers that have not been the greater part of their existence on the keyboard. When their life has been spent chiefly in acquiring technique they are mechanical, so it seems rather useless to give up the greater part of a lifetime to learn something that can be done better by another and an infallible agency.

To my mind the introduction of such a perfect method of giving musical expression, accenting the theme or melody of any composition, or bringing out individual notes clearly and distinctly where they have a special value, is as great a stride in the art of music as motor-cars in the speed of traffic. It so often happens that a really musical boy or girl loses patience with their own fingers, and so interprets in a slovenly and incorrect way. How



AN ADMIRABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT:
ACCOMPANYING A SONG ON THE
PIANOLA PIANO.

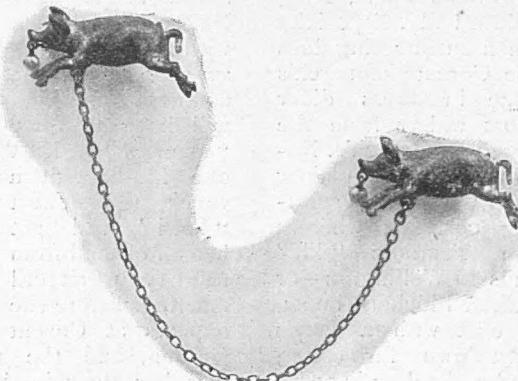
them. A girl where I have been staying suggests this to my mind. She was the most distressing object, especially at breakfast, when one's outlook on the world and its inhabitants is not robust. Her mother says: "Poor Hilda! her skin is so sensitive she dare not use soap for her face." So Hilda, who is more soiled than poor, and whose skin seems daily to coarsen, goes from bad to worse. I took my courage in both my hands, and implored my hostess to write about the case to that wonderful specialist whose services the Cyclax Company have been so fortunate as to secure, and to try a course of home treatment. She was a grateful woman, and Hilda will bless me later.

I know a girl who did this, and then went up to town and had a consultation, and was put in the right way. She has now a remarkably fresh, clear skin, and is a charming-looking girl. I know it isn't always possible when in the country to get skilled advice, but the "Cyclax Book of Home Treatment," and the other on the cultivation and preservation of natural beauty, are enormous helps, and a visit to town occasionally can be managed. This celebrated specialist, who has given up her life to the study, can be consulted if an appointment be made beforehand. She is invariably successful; her fairy wand of skill and experience ever produces the desired results, however obstinate the defects—and, like facts, they do require a good deal of getting over. There is much in personal magnetism, which this lady possesses in a special degree; there is also much in her direct, common-sense treatment: the two together are immense, as they say in America.

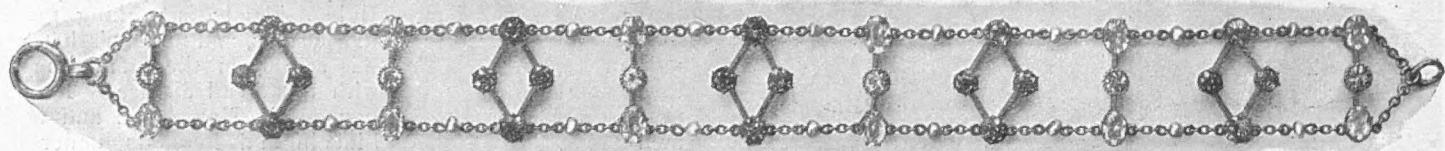
A jewellers', goldsmiths', and silversmiths' shop when Christmas is coming along is, to my mind, a place of rare fascination. When it is such a magnificent establishment as that of Elkington, 22, Regent Street, S.W., the pleasure of a look round is intensified. Their things have a good, handsome air about them—quite an unmistakable cachet. This year they have quantities of pretty novelties; their catalogue is one of them. It is charmingly got up, and most informing. I was greatly taken with a new design of London-made expanding watch-bracelet. There is no such useful ornament, and this is so substantial and so beautifully made that it is a gift to last a lifetime. In these days when luck is so greatly propitiated, and everyone has a mascot, a pair of twin lucky pigs as lace-pins, in gold, each with a pearl in its mouth, is a pretty present, and costs only £2 15s. Many neat and effective little lace-pins are less in price. I liked greatly a lovely flexible line of diamonds, with large ones at intervals, having a pendant of a downward line, with one large square emerald set on the shimmering line of little brilliants, then a large round diamond, and finally a lovely pear-shaped pearl. There is endless variety in jewellery, and some quaint jester-headed teaspoons. A set of menu-holders, with black silhouetted scenes between two plates of glass set in silver, was as effective as anything I have ever seen. They are sporting subjects as a rule. I don't think anyone



THE PIANOLA ATTACHED TO A
GRAND PIANO.



A PAIR OF TWIN LUCKY-PIGS AS LACE-PINS,
AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S.



A NOVEL BRACELET, AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S.

much more really musical will their performance be if the difficulties of execution are removed, and they can interpret without thinking of their fingers. I advise all mothers and fathers to see at the Orchestrelle Company's fine place, 135-7, New Bond Street, this delightful instrument, the Pianola Piano, and have their boys and girls taught that, and taught music, too, but not made to grind at manual exercise which, save in the case of some few geniuses, is useless, and so often a source of terror to all who must hear.

I think people ought to be punished for allowing their skin to become unsightly. It is such pain for those who have to behold

with an idea of presents in silver, gold, or jewellery need go further than such a firm as Elkington's to look for them. If they do so they may prove the truth of an old proverb, and fare worse!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found illustrated a very elegant black lace evening-gown over black silk. The hem is embroidered with jet, and the lace is flecked over with sequins. On the bodice is a graceful finish of strings of jet beads tying over with tassels. On the same page is a drawing of a hat. The brim is of emerald-green velvet, and the crown is sable, while the drooping ostrich-feathers are sable brown.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. II.

THE AMERICAN POSITION.

THE principles which regulate the circulation of money, and currency matters generally, are of such an intricate and delicate nature that it is very doubtful if they are fully understood, even by the greatest economists, while it is certain that the ordinary man, even if he be a politician of eminence, is vastly ignorant on such subjects, and therefore, when we see Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou putting forward plans to cure the currency evils of their country, we start with no very robust faith in their success. Writing nearly three-quarters of a century ago the great historian of civilisation, Henry Thomas Buckle, said—

To maintain order, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to adopt certain precautions respecting the public health, are the only services which any government can render to civilisation. . . .

The accusation which the historian is bound to bring against every government which has ever existed is that it has overstepped its proper functions, and at each step done incalculable harm.

And his words are as true to-day as they were when he penned them.

Our Yankee friends are (as our German friends to a lesser extent) suffering from over-trading and over-banking. The only cure is not to cry for quack remedies backed by the Government, but to face the day of reckoning, contract credit, and curtail all ambitious financial projects. We wish we could see these old-fashioned ideas in favour on the other side of the Atlantic, for then we should have some confidence of the crisis really being cured.

How piling up unnecessary national debts for the purpose of creating artificial currency is going to cure evils caused by excessive credit, or can be expected so to do, is one of those things "which no fellow can understand." Of a truth, it looks as if political economy had been "relegated to Mars" not only in Ireland, but in the United States as well.

It is wonderful with what confidence bankers and suchlike financial authorities, even when most pessimistic as to the Yankee position, believe that our own troubles are on the eve of vanishing, and that by next March, if not before, we may revel in a 3 per cent. Bank Rate and a revival of Stock Exchange business. The reasons for this faith are too long to state here, but the belief is pretty nearly universal in City circles.

A PARCEL OF INDUSTRIALS.

At the end of last week there was a spasm of strength in the motor market, but it cannot be denied that the result of the Olympia Show, from the merely market point of view, has signally failed to realise the hopes of motor shareholders. We hear confusing reports of the amount of orders booked this year. The accounts clash in marked manner, and we are unable to sift the evidence in the professional way which alone would show which set of narratives is accurate. On balance, however, it may be reasonable to suppose that while expectations failed of fulfilment, the Show has provided a useful advertisement for the motor-makers, and one which may increase in value as we win through the winter and the spring weather returns. Humber shares begin to look inviting, and Daimlers are getting cheap after their prolonged decline.

The fall in Aerated Bread shares is perplexing, and all our attempts have failed to find a reason other than that a few sellers came upon an unwilling market. It is, perhaps, best to look on for a bit. Liptons are being actively puffed in the Stock Exchange, and the lavish advertising campaign has no doubt benefited the business considerably. It is possible that the price may be put up to the neighbourhood of 30s. Lyons can be bought upon the prospects of next year's Anglo-French Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. The sagging away of Bovril shares is understood to be due to sympathy with the decline in markets as a whole.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

For a hundred pounds I would shake off the dust of the Stock Exchange from my boots, and take the next P.L.M. to a cosy little Alp I know in the Bernese Oberland, there to forget all about this disappointing, miserable old City and its miserable, disappointing markets. I would, indeed! But, as this is clearly out of the question—for the best of all possible reasons—the necessity of keeping up one's courage and, so far as may be, that of other people has to be cheerfully accepted and smilingly borne.

Therefore, to look around for the bull points.

You think there are none to be seen? May I be allowed respectfully to differ?

Of course, what we really want to clarify the financial atmosphere is another thorough shake-out in the American Market. Were Unions to crash to 80, Atchisons to 60, Canadas to 120—do I make you wince?—the weak positions would be drastically eliminated, and the public would come, for sure, into the market as bona-fide investors in Yankee Rails. Some such further collapse the pessimists of our place profess to see in their mind's eye, and I don't think there are many of us who would care to guarantee the worst as being over yet, although the prices I have quoted are apparently ludicrous. The same would have been said this time last year, of course, when Unions were 80 points higher, and well on their giddy way to 200. It is the unexpected which sometimes happens.

How rough a time of it investors have had this year they pretty well know. I wonder what is the percentage of capitalists whose Stock Exchange securities stand higher now than was the case at the end of last year? Without a doubt the percentage would come to some diminutive figure, following a row of O's after a decimal point. One consults actual prices to get some sort of idea as to what has happened in the meantime. A few examples will be sufficient. "More than sufficient," perhaps you will retort. Then all you need to do is to skip this table.

I take the quotations of last year's New Year's Day and those of last Friday night, Nov. 22, 1907.

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1906.	Nov. 22, 1907.	Fall.	Stock.	Dec. 31, 1906.	Nov. 22, 1907.	Fall.
Consols ..	86	82	4	Canada ..	199 $\frac{1}{4}$	144	55 $\frac{1}{4}$
Met. Water ..	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	88	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Trunk Third ..	68	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Argentine 4 ..	87 $\frac{1}{4}$	80	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	" Ord. ..	28 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
Japan 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ First ..	96	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	Hudson's Bay ..	117	72	45
Brighton "A" ..	122	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	B.A. Pacific ..	124	108	16
Cen. Lond. Ord. ..	83	60	23	B.A. Rosario ..	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	14
Gt. Eastern ..	83	72	11	Mexican Ord. ..	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 $\frac{3}{4}$
Gt. Nor. Def. ..	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	" Second ..	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gt. Western ..	133	120	13	U. of Havana ..	113	73	40
L. and N.-West. ..	153	143 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Atchison ..	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	38
Metropolitan ..	60	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ch. Milwaukee ..	152 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	55
Midland Def. ..	67	62	5	Illinois ..	174	121	53
N. Eastern ..	143 $\frac{1}{2}$	136	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Erie ..	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{3}{4}$
S.-Eastern "A" ..	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	Pennsylvania ..	71	55	16
Rio Tinto ..	90	64	26	S. Pacific ..	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	28
Anglo "A" ..	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	Union ..	185 $\frac{1}{2}$	111 $\frac{1}{4}$	74
Peru Pref. ..	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	U.S. Steel ..	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{3}{4}$
Pekin Syn. ..	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	" Pref. ..	108	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{3}{4}$

Just to show that there is no ill-feeling, and as a sweetener to this bitter lump, permit me to add that Russian Fives have risen quite $\frac{3}{4}$ during the period. And the Bank Rate is up 1. And expenses are higher than ever. So, you see, it is not everything that has gone down.

If, dear my reader, you can discern in the list no bull point you must at least have been badly crossed in love. After so great a fall reaction is practically inevitable. Were the United States to be so effete that nothing short of national bankruptcy stared the country in the face, then I admit you would have cause for the gravest alarm. But, assuming that America will in course of time recover her breath, drop into a more normal business groove, and gradually restore conditions of confidence, will not quotations recover all round the Stock Exchange? The shaking-out process has yet to be completed, and the end of the year is at all times an awkward corner to manoeuvre; so, much water may have to flow under the bridges before even a prospect of settled markets appears upon the horizon. These tinkering tactics of the much-belauded Mr. Cortelyou are all very well in their way: rather pretty to look at, perhaps, but they are far too fragile to do more than hold the incoming tide of alarm in check, and the modern King Canute you may have to devise more statesmanlike plans to deal with the crisis before the fears ebb and the ocean ceases to clamour at its Banks.

Every member of the Stock Exchange, as well as every member of the Surrey Cricket Club, and hosts of others, will be sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. C. A. Stein, the honorary director of the Jersey Home for Working Lads. The institution, as is well known, practically relies upon the Stock Exchange for its support, and subscriptions from the House come to rather under a thousand pounds a year. Mr. Stein and the Committee of the Home were naturally somewhat anxious lest the chequered character of the year should cause a falling-off in the subscriptions, which are now being asked for. Unhappily, Mr. Stein fell ill just before the reports went out, which rendered the task of collection so much the more difficult. It seems to me, however, that the mere fact of our having had a bad year ourselves will quicken sympathies for fellows who are considerably worse off than we are, and that the Committee of the Home will be able to count upon every effort being made by members of the House to respond even more generously than heretofore.

While on the subject, it is a matter for much regret that Mr. W. A. Morgan's "House Annual" may possibly not appear this Christmas. Every lover of the little ones, in whose interest the book has been published, will sincerely hope that the volume will make its regular appearance; but I understand that Mr. Morgan, the very life and soul of the publication, is away, and at present there is no sign of his book coming out. Should there be a hiatus in the series this year, it will bring disappointment to a wide circle of readers, amongst whom one of the most regretful will be

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. T.—The Company is an amalgamation of the Rand Victoria and other mines. You will have to wait for results, and the future depends on the labour question, the possibility of financing the undertaking, and other things of a like kind.

TEA.—Both Companies are nearly hopeless from the shareholders' point of view. The Gum Company is in liquidation, but there is talk of reconstruction, No price for shares. Tea shares, Preference 5s.; Ordinary, 1s. 6d.

W. O. C.—We still believe in the Gwalia Consolidated, but when you buy shares at 3s. 6d. you must not expect certainties. The new plant is at work, and we hear that the returns after this month will show considerable improvement. At any rate, you have had and will get a fair run for your money.

H. H.—"Q" says that if you will take risks it might pay to buy a few more shares. Bewick Mooring's estimates have been clearly too optimistic. The Lancefield has plenty of ore, but cost of treatment must come down before good profits are made.

PRESCIENCE.—(1) This is a good Company, but the liability on the shares is considerable. (2) A good, solid concern. (3) We do not care for it much, and the financial troubles in Chili may not improve matters. (4) It does not seem the right time to buy Iron and Coal things. (5) A good Industrial.

G. W. H.—(1) The Kaffir position is difficult. See answer to "W. T." The mine is good enough. (2) See answer to "W. O. C."

OASIS.—(1 and 2) See answer to "W. O. C." and "H. H." (3) It all depends on the price of Tin. The property is a good one.

A. J.—You might add Kalgurli and Sons of Gwalia to the West Australian section of your proposed mining investments.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester the following may run well: Broxhills Steeplechase, Cackler; November Hurdle, Arcadic; Montrose Hurdle, Osmaston; Quorn Steeplechase, Let Go the Painter; Birstall Steeplechase, Methelios; Leicester Hurdle, Japan; Sileby Steeplechase, Island Chief; Oadby Hurdle, Tankard; Belvoir Steeplechase, Flaxfield; Town Hurdle, Sabot. At Kempton Park the following may go close: Hampton Steeplechase, Adansi; St. Margaret Hurdle, Ariel; Kempton Hurdle, Queen's Cup; Uxbridge Steeplechase, Nanoya; Wimbledon Hurdle, Beattie; Stewards' Steeplechase, Flaxfield; Barnes Hurdle, Mistake II.; Middlesex Steeplechase, Judas; Staines Hurdle, Mistral Boy; Richmond Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Sunbury Hurdle, Birdcraft.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Bunkum.*" By Frank Richardson. (Eveleigh Nash.) — "The *Halo.*" By Baroness von Hutton. (Methuen.) — "The *Shuttle.*" By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Heinemann.)

HORRIBLE thought! Can it be possible that Mr. Frank Richardson chose "*Bunkum*" as the title for his volume of short stories knowing that one day he would glance at the "face-finned" skull that is his book-plate and, glancing, fall into an old sin? Perish the idea! Let us believe—and hope—that Mr. Richardson has indeed repented and relented, and that he intends to stand by the announcement in his Preface: "I have practically fulfilled my mission, as there are now eighty-five per cent. less whiskerites in Great Britain than there were when I first began my campaign; and so, in future, I shall write no more about cheek-warmers." Oh, happy day! But, to business. "*Bunkum*" is not a novel; it is a volume of short stories. The author confesses that he has tried to induce the possible purchaser to believe otherwise, and suggests that the unsatisfied reader may bring an action against him in the King's Bench Division for obtaining his attention under false pretences. Mr. Richardson need not fear that he will be "had up" on that score. There are two things that will save him: gratitude for his Preface and interest in his work. For some, doubtless, gratitude will be the greater deterrent, for, on the whole, the short stories now reprinted are, though characteristic, not all of the author's best. That is not to say, however, that all of them should not be read. Each is entertaining. Especially would I commend the tragic-comedy, "*Out on Bail.*"

Both "*The Halo*" and "*The Shuttle*" depend upon questions of love and marriage for their success; in each the heroine is the outstanding character, yet in manner and matter they are widely apart. The Baroness von Hutton takes as her theme a subject that might well have proved repellent had she not handled it with discretion—the love of a young girl for the father of the man to whom she is engaged—and she was wise in ending the affair in tragedy. Lady Brigit Mead is the daughter of "one of those piteous beings, a middle-aged young woman," and her mother and herself are so antipathetic that the girl, eager for freedom, accepts Lord Pontefract, the owner of much wealth, an ever-thirsting palate, a fat, red neck, red-rimmed eyes, and a bald head. On the same evening Théo Joyselle, son of Victor Joyselle, the great violinist, proposes, and she is "on with the new love" before she has thrown over the old. So Pontefract is dismissed, and Lady Brigit visits the Joyselles in London. In the house in Golden Square Victor

and his wife welcome her, and she falls under the spell of Victor—the child-man, the peasant with the art of a god. Slowly it is borne upon her that she loves not Théo, but his father; and, later, she learns that the love is returned. Then her tragedy begins. She tells Victor that she will not marry Théo, and he catches her in his arms.

"You will go with me, my woman? You and I, alone—all alone? For ever and ever?"

And, putting her arms round his neck, she answered: "Yes, I will go with you. For ever."

The next morning Théo comes to her. Victor's wife has died in her sleep, and Brigit finds him by her bed-side.

"Oh, Victor," she faltered, her hands clasped.

He turned and pointed to the bed.

"You will excuse me," he said with an evident effort to be polite, "but I cannot talk. My wife is dead."

That is the end.

"*The Shuttle*" would be a terrible warning to rich Americans and their daughters were we not assured that Sir Nigel Anstruther is not a typical Englishman of title. Rosalie Vanderpoel is the elder daughter of a multi-millionaire, and Sir Nigel, armed with his baronetcy and a sufficiency of borrowed money, crosses the Atlantic, woos, and wins her. To his disgust, however, such dollars as are transferred at the time of the wedding are left in his wife's keeping. His resentment takes the form of brutality. He gets his young wife to England, and there begins to bully her into submission. He is a natural despot; she, weak and foolish. He beats her first with his tongue, then, in very truth; and he stops her parent's letters to her, and most of her letters to her parents. Then her sister Bettina, a glorious young creature, suspecting the state of affairs, comes to England to mend them. She arrives at the Anstruthers'—

"Can you—tell me if—Lady Anstruther is at home?" she inquired. As she said it, she felt the blood surge up from the furious heart, and the hand she had laid on the handle of the door of the brougham clutched it involuntarily. The dowdy little woman answered her indifferently, staring at her a little. "I am Lady Anstruther," she said.

Thus twelve years has done its work, but Bettina is undismayed. Her sunny presence makes itself felt in the neighbourhood, and even the crushed Rosalie is bettered by her coming. So much for the main theme. For the rest, let it be said that Bettina, despite her assurance to her father that her monomania is not for taking a bargain from the ducal remnant counter, marries Earl Mount Dunstan, the pattern of all a noble should be; that the wicked Sir Nigel meets death conveniently and appropriately; that Rosalie is repatriated by her fond—and wiser—parents; and, finally, that Mrs. Bennett's book, long as it is, is well worth the reading.

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